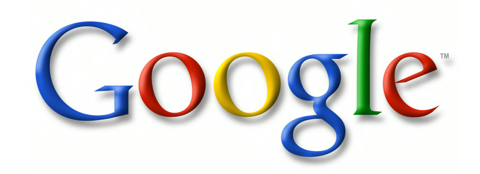
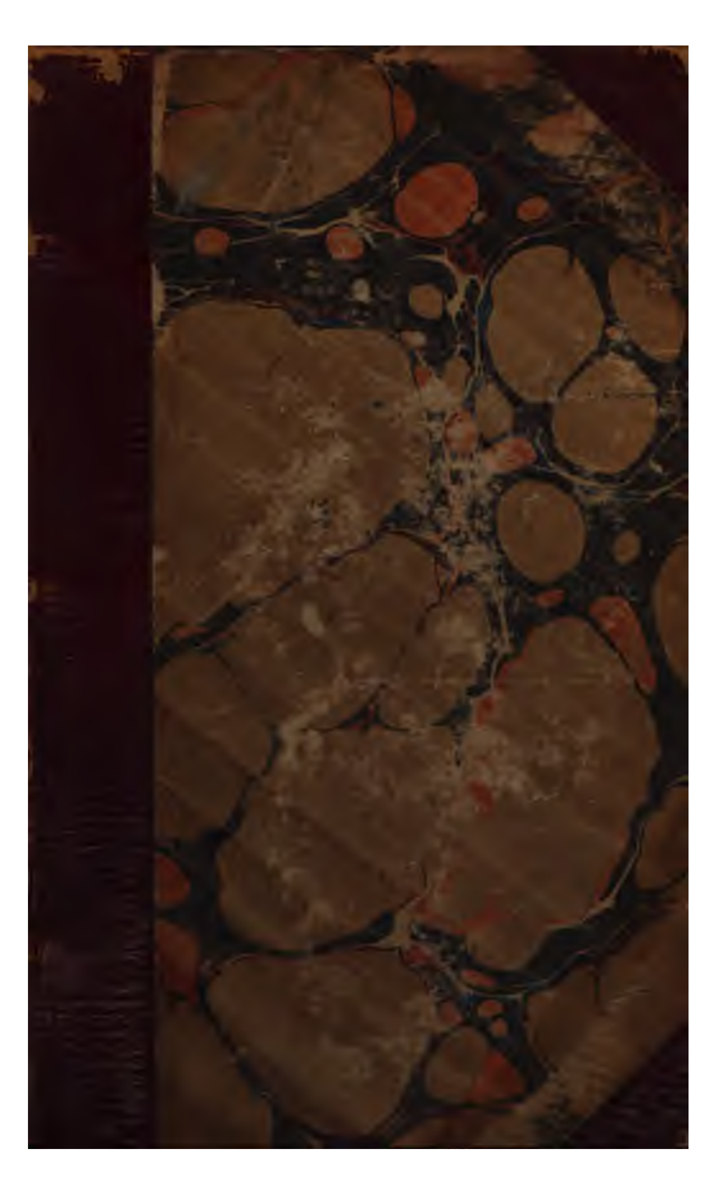
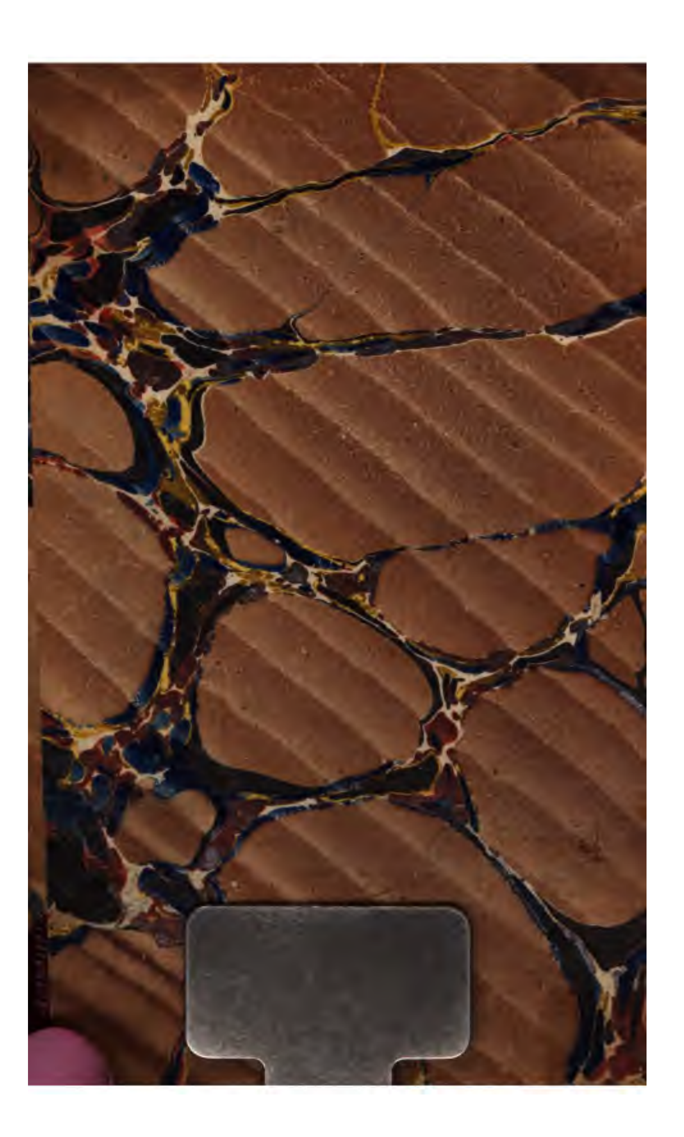
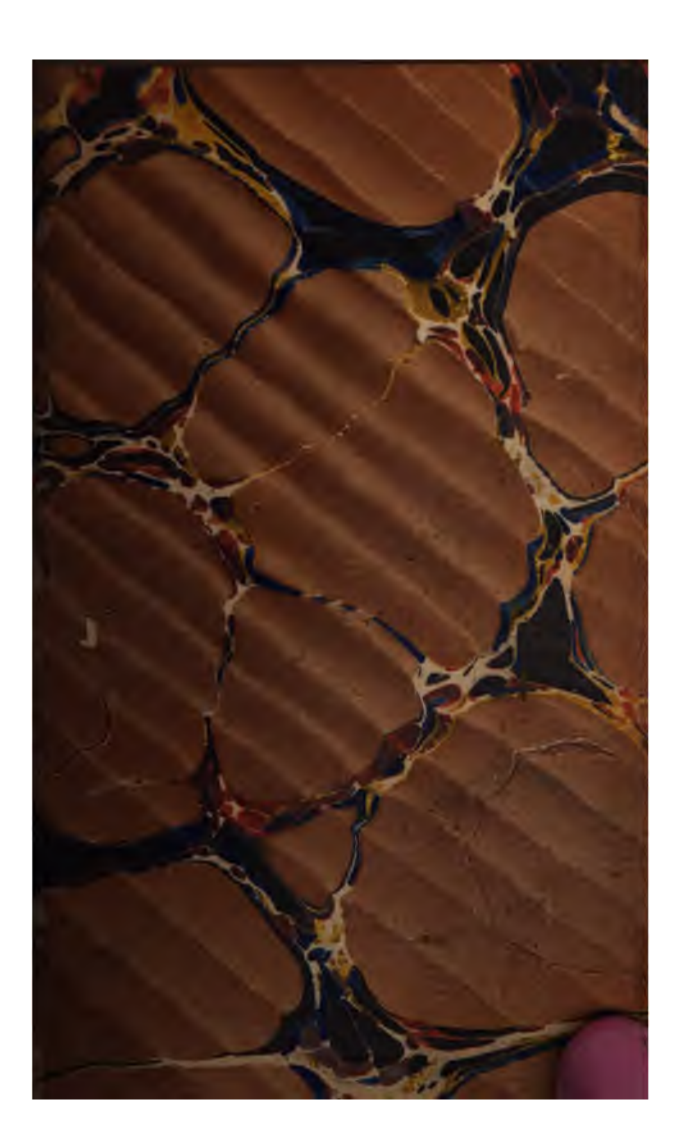








THE

YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

A WORK INTENDED FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

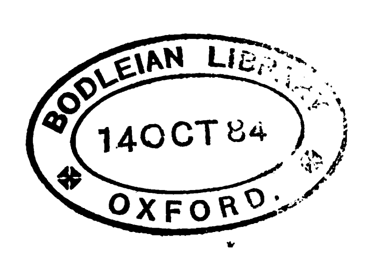
BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

There are three things highly pernicious to the endearments of beauty, *gaming*, *scandal*, and *politics*.
MURPHY.

C'est être un monstre, que de ne pas aimer ceux qui ont cultivé notre âme. LETTRES DE VOLTAIRE.

VOL. II.

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THE LITTLE EMIGRANTS.

LETTER I.

Edward to Eugene.

Stutgard, October 4, 1794.

I THOUGHT of you, dear Eugene, on entering this town, where you have sold so many little baskets, and have been this morning with Lord Selby to see the good Fischer. I remitted to him your four louis, besides which Lord Selby gave him two. The whole family were delighted to see friends of *the young Chevalier's.* I answered them a number of questions, and then went to visit your little chamber; they likewise shewed me in the garden a rose tree and a pot of mignionette, which belonged to you, and which Lolotte had watered every day. I requested some seed of the mignionette

to send you, and beg you will present it to your amiable cousin for me. I am sure it will be an agreeable present to her. The good Fischer could not speak of you without tears; I should have been as much affected with what Mrs. Fischer said, had I not recollected the broken pipe; but I believe since that time she is become as good as she was wicked when going to whip Lolotte.

We travel in an agreeable manner, and if we were not so unfortunate, this tour would have been delightful. We are six of us in mamma's large coach; these six are papa, mamma, Lord Selby, Miss d'Elsenne, Juliette, and myself, and in Lord Selby's carriage are Miss Benoit, Gogo, Pierrot, and Lord Selby's valet de chambre.

We went yesterday to Hochheim to see the Duke of Wirtemberg's superb palace; the gardens are admirable. They were not shewn in your time, which is the reason they are not celebrated, for in the late Duke's life time no stranger was admitted. They have found means to

increase considerably the buildings in this garden, in a very simple manner, representing a beautiful modern village, built on the ruins of an ancient Greek city. This idea is very ingenious; so that you see a rural church on the ruins of a fine temple, a cottage supported against a triumphal arch, or built on the remains of a palace. My father and Lord Selby think they ought to have assembled a few more contrasts of this kind: for example, on a prison we see a saloon, which signifies nothing; a monument of hospitality or hospital for travellers would without doubt have been more happily placed there. My father would also have liked an hermitage on the ruins of antique barracks. In short, the general plan of the garden leads us to reflect on the vicissitude of human affairs: the particular parts do not sufficiently answer this grand idea, but the whole is singularly striking. Lord Selby says, those who travel in France now should make some reflections which this garden inspires. He adds, there is not in England a garden more beautiful than

that of Hochheim, for all the buildings are of excessive magnificence, the greatest part of the ruins are made after the ancient monuments of Rome, and in the same proportion; besides, these buildings are interspersed with little rural gardens, fields of corn, meadows, and woods; in a word, there is found in these beautiful gardens an agreeable variety without formality or confusion, great unevenness of ground, a profusion of charming flowers, and admirable views. The Duke possesses several other country seats. That which is called *la Solitude* is the most renowned.

We set off to-morrow. I would not leave Stutgard without sending to you. Adieu, my friend, I will write to you again on my arrival at Altona.

LETTER II.

Gabrielle d'Elsenne to her Father.

Rarup, November 3, 1794.

My dear papa,

THIS is the third letter I have written to you without receiving an answer. I fear the others have not reached you. This will be given to a man who is going immediately on to Paris, therefore I am sure you will receive it. I ought to repeat, my dear papa, that I am with Mrs. d'Armilly. I had been in the most wretched situation since the irreparable loss of the best of mothers! Mrs. d'Armilly came to fetch me, and took me to her house. Knowing your opinion of her family, I was very unwilling to accept her offers, and should have even refused them had it not been for my governess, who obliged me to accept them. She was dying, and could no longer work, I had sold every thing, and we had nothing left. I will not describe our poverty, this account would afflict you too much.

Mrs. d'Armilly did for me all that the most feeling parent could have done. She has settled Madame Durand, who is happy, and took me home with her. I have been there nearly three months, and am treated as if I were her eldest daughter. I had much difficulty in familiarizing myself to her notwithstanding her excessive kindness, I thought she disguised her character to me, I feared her, and dared not love her. But, dear papa, pray believe your daughter, I am sure if you knew Mrs. d'Armilly, you could not hate her. Never in this family have I heard a single word that could displease or embarrass me. They always speak of my papa with esteem and interest; Mrs. d'Armilly, who only knew my respected mother by reputation, has made eulogiums on her *angelic virtue* (that is her expression); and she takes every opportunity of praising my attachment to you; her husband and children think and speak in the same manner: can I believe myself with your enemies? Nevertheless, I tremble lest my dear papa should disapprove of my

having accepted this asylum; but I entreat him to reflect on my situation. What would have become of me? Without friends, without connections, at my age! Madame Durand obliged to keep her bed, myself very ill, and having neither money, linen nor clothes. When Mrs. d'Armilly came to see me for the first time, I was very weak, having sat up three nights with Madame Durand, and for twelve days I had only eaten sallad and very bad black bread. I had expended the remainder of our money in procuring drugs for my governess, and when her fever was abated, I saw she was in want of broth, but I could not buy meat, and they would not let me have it on credit. Mrs. d'Armilly perceived what we had occasion for, she left me some money, desired the landlady to make some good broth, and ordered for me an excellent supper. She returned the next day, and brought me linen and clothes; she likewise sent a physician. My governess regained her appetite, and was restored to health! Should I not be ungrateful, dear papa, were I

insensible to so much kindness? But that is not all. Mrs. d'Armilly supplies the place of masters; she is an excellent musician, and teaches me on the piano; besides which she every day gives me lessons in history and geography, and treats me with mildness and affection, which are always the same. Mr. d'Armilly instructs me in arithmetic with his daughter Juliette; the latter teaches me to embroider and paint flowers; young Edward, her brother, (who is only thirteen years of age, and draws delightfully,) gives me lessons in drawing pencil landscapes, and lends me patterns. In a word, the whole family load me with marks of friendship. Mrs. d'Armilly is so careful of my health, that notwithstanding the grief I shall always feel, and my uneasiness, I am now well and growing lusty. Still I am very unhappy, dear papa; I have suffered an irreparable loss, and shall deplore it to my latest breath! It is on your bosom I ought to shed these tears, they would be less bitter! and I am deprived of this consolation! Mrs. d'Armilly's attention, far from less-

ening my grief, serves but to renew it. Her kindness reminds me of my mother! ah! if these two persons could have been known to each other, how they would have been attached! How blind is prejudice! it often removes us from those whose sentiments and characters would be most agreeable to us!

Adieu, my dear papa; let me know your commands, and I will immediately obey them, whatever they may be. We are in the country of Holstein, five leagues from Sleswick, at a pretty cottage; this house is inhabited by peasants, who have given half up to us; it is thatched, but the interior is well arranged, neat and convenient. There are not in France such large and pretty cottages. Adieu, my dear papa, I await your answer with great impatience.

LETTER III.

Augustus to Edward.

Paris, November, 5, 1794.

I DID not receive your last letter, my friend, until two months after date, which is extraordinary. This letter gave us a great deal of uneasiness in every respect. How is it possible that Adelaïde cannot find you? She has not been in Switzerland, which is very singular, for every body assured her you were there, and she believed it as well as ourselves. Mamma thinks she is in Germany, and probably at Hamburgh or Altona, because those countries are considered so hospitable, that she has perhaps imagined this reason must have determined you to prefer it to all others. Mamma recollects it was mentioned one day before her, that you might perhaps be there. So, for this reason, we are very glad you have quitted Switzerland. We shall not be easy until we know Adelaïde has rejoined you. You say I am happy: I hope my friend you do not think so. Mamma's release has caused us the greatest joy, but we shall

not be happy before we hear our friends are so likewise; in the mean time we suffer with them, and as much as they do. Why then, Edward, speak thus to me? it is unjust. My sister and myself have cried about it. All that you said likewise of Andrew has caused us much trouble. How could you believe any friend more dear to me than yourself? I might as well be jealous of Lord Selby, whom you love so much, or of the young Eugene, whom you so often praise, or Miss d'Elsenne, who appears to you so interesting because she *sighs*. And we also sigh, I assure you. But I love all those you love, and I never thought that your friendship for another could diminish that you felt for me. You must have been out of humour when you wrote that sad letter. Andrew does not lodge at our house, nor do we see him here more frequently than once a fortnight, or nearly so; he comes to dine with mamma two or three times in a month, but I go to see him once a week. The poor boy is much to be pitied. His father, who has committed dreadful crimes, has been tried,

condemned, and executed these two months. Although, since the revolution, he had, by theft and pillage, amassed a large fortune, he has consumed and dissipated it in foolish expences, and has contracted more debts than he has left money to discharge; so that the unfortunate Andrew has nothing at all: but mamma has just assured him by contract fifteen hundred louis per annum for life. Besides that, she takes upon herself the expence of his education: she has placed him in a very good school, and supplies him with all the masters I have myself. The good Mr. Duplessis has likewise shewn the greatest friendship to Andrew; he says he will have an eye over him, and if he becomes what he promises, he will afterwards marry him to little Sophia, who will be his heiress. You know this child; she is niece to Mr. Duplessis, is ten years old to-day, and very pretty. Judge how fortunate it will be for Andrew, as I heard all this without its being confided to me, I secretly apprised him of it, and he was very much obliged to me; but he has so good a heart,

that even without this hope he would still have been a very good boy.

I am going to answer all your questions with respect to Mr. d'Elsenne. You well know, that about two or three and twenty years ago, at the end of Louis the XVth's reign, Mr. d'Elsenne, who had much influence, despoiled my uncle of all his offices, and caused him to be banished, as well as my late father. My mother, who was just married, followed my father to the extremity of Limousin, and remained there till the death of the king. We must recall that, to relate something as singular as the adventure of Miss d'Elsenne. Imagine to yourself, that when mamma was conducted to the house of arrest, the first person she met in this prison was Mr. d'Elsenne, who was, like herself, a prisoner. Mamma, on passing him, repeated these words of Warwick,

One prison holds th' oppressor and th' oppress'd!

Mr. d'Elsenne started, and then remained immoveable. Two or three days after he approached her, talked with great mildness, and at length, by degrees, they

became united in the greatest friendship, and mutually promised if one were released, they would try every possible means in favour of the other. Mamma was released first, and kept her word. Mr. d'Elsenne had his liberty in three weeks after. He immediately came and paid a visit to my mamma. It appeared very droll to me to see him at our house; I could not help looking at him: he has not at all the appearance of a wicked person, which very much surprised me. Four or five days after he fell dangerously ill: he has been at the point of death and delirious for, nearly fifty-days: his physician at length says that he is out of danger, but has not entirely recovered his recollection, and is so very weak that the least noise makes him faint. As soon as he is convalescent, mamma will take him Miss d'Elsenne's letter, and will relate to him all my aunt has done for her.

Adieu, my friend; write to us very soon a kind letter, that will console us; for your last distressed us very much.

LETTER IV.

Edward's answer to Augustus.

Rarup, December 15, 1794.

YES, I was wrong, dear Augustus; I was in an ill humour, a very ill humour; I feel and repent it; notwithstanding, I acknowledge it with joy! But Amenaide will perhaps be still offended; I shall not be easy until you let me know she forgives me.

Alas, my friend, no news of Adelaïde, which is disheartening! but from enquiries made at Hamburgh, it appears almost certain she is at Copenhagen with Madame Roussel. Lord Selby must naturally set off for this city next month, and he has the goodness to shorten the time of his departure. We set off in five or six days, (for I go with him,) and my father leaves us with pleasure to make every possible enquiry. The hope of at length finding and again seeing a person so beloved, has poured balm into our hearts, and lessens the pain I should have felt on leaving my family. As soon as we find my sister, we

shall acquaint my father, who will immediately come to fetch her, but will not repass the sea with her till the ice is thawed. The passage of the *Belt* in this season will be frightful for a female, for, from time to time, we are obliged to leave the ship and draw it over some pieces of ice, which is passed on foot. It is a singular navigation, and quite a treat to me to see a thing so curious. If we were reunited, I should find it very pretty and amusing to be an emigrant: it obliges us to travel, which is very instructive. There is, notwithstanding, an inconvenience; it is, that one cannot remain where one would wish, or go where one would desire. The cottage in which we reside is charming; it is a mill; the miller is also a farmer and husbandman, so that we see all the labours of the country. This mill is situated in a very solitary place; it is opposite to a large piece of water, which terminates in a beautiful meadow, and on the two sides are beautiful woods, one is on a level, and the other on a mountain; in short, the falls of water formed by the mill, the

charms of the house and garden, the beauty of the trees, render this habitation very rural and agreeable even in this season, and must be delightful in summer. Notwithstanding the cold, Lord Selby and myself have made several little excursions in the neighbourhood, and I have drawn some views, which might deserve to be engraved; among others, the mill of Rarup, the delightful situation of Leutemark and Pageroe. I have not seen any thing more beautiful in Switzerland. They say that the environs of Eutin and Kiel are still more picturesque. I should like a skilful artist to travel in Holstein, it would be worth his trouble in every respect. Our host and his family are the best people in the world, and they have received an astonishing education for peasants; they all know how to read and write, and have no external vulgarity. The miller's nephew is a very good musician; he plays very well on the flute and harpsichord, which is very common among them; the daughters embroider charmingly; and notwithstanding these agreeable accomplishments

they all work in the fields, men and women, and are very laborious. But their labours are short in this season, the day ends early! Yesterday, as they entered the house at four o'clock, I was still in the garden, and found myself by the side of a sun-dial, placed in the middle of a walk: it inspired me with the idea of making some verses, which my father has found passable, so I send them to you; here they are:

Lines composed in the month of December on a sun-dial, belonging to the Farmer at whose cottage we lodged.

Alas! how soon the gnomon's shade is gone,
Which mark'd of passing time the rapid flight!
How soon has Night her sable curtain drawn,
That hides the day-star from my ravish'd sight!
Ah, why, thou Glory of the vaulted skies,
Dost thou so soon withdraw thy cheering rays,
Nor longer trace the march of hours we prize,
As consecrate to useful toil and deeds of virtuous praise?

You will only give these verses to my cousin; at our age one may send these trifles to one's friends, but it would be ridiculous to shew them to others.

Adieu, dear Artaxerxes, do not forget ...ithful Tancred.

LETTER V.

Mr. d'Elsenne to Gabrielle d'Elsenne, his daughter.

Paris, December 20.

COULD you for an instant fear, my child, that my heart would not feel as forcibly as yours the gratitude with which you are so justly penetrated? Should I be a father, if the cares and benefits of which you are the object did not inspire a like sentiment in me? I write to Mr. and Mrs. d'Armilly, but tell them again that no words can describe what I feel! It is a double happiness to acquire for friends those from whom we feared hatred; it is at the same time to lose a guilty prejudice, expiate an injustice, and to replace a sad and hard feeling by the sweetest affection which can ennoble the human heart. Mr. and Mrs. d'Armilly, become our benefactors, have tasted the purest satisfaction which generosity can procure to great minds, but I owe them sentiments which also brings me nearer the sublime elevation, and find them in gratitude. I tremble for my past wrongs, but far from being

overwhelmed, I love to recall them, because it increases my admiration; and I enjoy deliciously a sensibility and enthusiasm, which can alone reconcile me to myself in discharging a debt so sacred. Alas! life is so short! what folly to consume it in vain agitation! Oh, how foolish and criminal does hatred appear, in this time of discord and implacable resentment, to good hearts! One shudders on seeing to what an excess it may be carried! for of all that has produced the revolution, the only existing cause, the only motive of public and particular actions, and especially of those which the spirit of party has caused, is vengeance! See, my child, what are the fruits of it; injustice, violence, cruelty, and the most inconceivable madness. It is frightful to think, that in the common course of life he who declares himself the enemy of another, whatever may be his conduct, carries in him the germ of such atrocious passions, that he enters the gloomy route which conducts him to these horrible wanderings. Terrible idea, which very forcibly struck me even

before I knew that those whom I have so long called my enemies had adopted my daughter! On entering the prison, where I saw the scaffold so near, where I saw every day vengeance deprive us successively of all our unfortunate companions, I cried out, Great God, pardon me for having hitherto thought that great souls naturally preserved inflexible resentment! I at length believe this base passion to belong to cowardly and cruel people, and that real greatness consists in knowing how to forgive! I saw in this prison an angel, (Madame de Palmene,) and it is she who procured my release! In short, my dear Gabrielle, tell your adoptive family they are become the objects of the most tender affections of my soul: after all I have lost, I have no other interests, no other ties. My only society now is that of Madame de Palmene; she has obliged me to the utmost in honouring me with the most generous proof of her confidence: it is me whom she has specially charged with the management of Mr. d'Armilly's affairs. You

may judge if I acquit myself of this commission with fidelity.

With regard to yourself, my child, you cannot return to France, because you were *fourteen years of age* when you quitted it, and a girl of fourteen carried away by her mother is banished by *our laws*. I should console myself in your absence for your interest if you could remain in the respectable hands which have received you, but I dare not solicit this new favour, although it be the dearest of all my wishes. Mr. * * *, banker of Hamburgh, will remit to you some money, and you will regularly receive the same sum every six months. I flatter myself your generous benefactress will seek a boarding house for you, and in her neighbourhood, if it be possible. Adieu, my daughter, I have met with a safe opportunity of forwarding this letter; henceforth I shall write to you with greater secresy: on your part, follow with exactness the plan laid out for you by the person who is bearer of this packet; for in writing to you, and sending you wherewith to live, I commit *a crime against the*

state, which merits nothing less than *twenty years of slavery*. However, thank heaven, we are no longer under the reach of terror; those who govern now shew good intentions, which is the reason, I am persuaded, they do not let such laws exist but to render sacred duties dearer, and to give some value to actions so natural and so simple, that without these dangers we should have no merit in doing them. I imagine that is the motive of all our new laws. Adieu, my dear child, thank heaven every day for having given you so miraculously a second mother, and pray that every blessing may fall on that benevolent family. This prayer will be favourably heard. A Pagan author has said, *that the wishes of a grateful heart which cannot acquit itself, transfer its debt to the Gods*[a]. This sentiment honours divinity; it expresses, without doubt, one of the traits which characterize it.

[a] Seneca.

LETTER VI.

Gabrielle's answer.

Rarup, January 25, 1795.

My dear papa,

YOUR letter has made me happy in every respect. I have a great deal more pleasure in loving my dear benefactress, since I am certain you share in my sentiments for her. Your wishes and mine, dear papa, are favoured; I remain here: Mrs. d'Armilly has told me she will not part with me, but to return me to your arms; and this is the use she advises me to make of the pension you have given me. I shall keep a quarter for my maintenance, and to purchase things necessary for my education, pencils, colours, paper, silk and stuff to embroider; I shall put another quarter by in reserve, that I may have a little ready money for unforeseen expences; and shall employ the rest, that is to say, the half, in assisting unfortunate emigrants. We seek for them now, and it is not difficult to find them in any place of the world; so we shall certainly discover some

soon, although there may be very few in this canton.

Young Edward is at Copenhagen with Lord Selby. We have not at present received news of Adelaïde, but we are constantly in hopes Lord Selby will, for, according to appearances, she must be in Denmark. After all they have told me, I interest myself in this young person as if she were my sister; and ought I not to regard her as such, since she is the daughter of Mrs. d'Armilly?

Mr. * * * *, who returns to France, takes charge of this letter, but when I write by post it shall be with the precautions my dear papa has prescribed me to use. Adieu, my dear father, I send you a sampler of my embroidery, and some small pictures of flowers, by which you may judge of my improvement; even if I should not like to employ myself, could I fail in application, since it is a means of pleasing you; and when, at the same time, I have no other means of testifying my gratitude to her who has bestowed so much care on me?

LETTER VII.

Pierrot to Augustus.

Rarup, January 29.

SINCE Tancred is no longer here to tell you the news, my dear Artaxerxes, I will relate it to you, but on condition that you will punctually answer me. I am going to recite an incredible adventure. In the first place, you must recollect the Countess de Mortane, who was a very good woman, and who gave such beautiful collations to children. I remember very well having been at her house, and I still see the grand saloon gilded, where they danced, and the Abbé preceptor to the young Etienne Mortane; that Abbé was very strict, he was always scolding, he had an immoderately long nose, and a large wart on his forehead: you see if I have a good memory. Now here is the adventure, that will so much surprise you. The day before yesterday, as we left the table, Ida, the daughter of our host, came and told us a pedlar enquired if we would buy of him. She added, that this merchant often passed

through our canton, and that he sold all sorts of pretty trifles. Upon which, Gabrielle had a mind to see him, and instead of taking him in, went with Ida to the farmer's. Amalazonte and myself followed her; my sister Theodalinde remained with mamma. As soon as the little merchant saw us, he unpacked his goods; he spoke German, and was very young, (not more than thirteen years old,) but I did not take much notice of him. However it appeared that his face was not entirely unknown to me, (you will presently see I was not mistaken,) I never saw any thing so pretty as the contents of his trunk which he had for sale. In the first place, embroidered garters, knit mittens, garlands of straw flowers, charming little baskets made with the seeds of the melon, (which is quite new,) and then some little tea boards imitating china, and made with shells of eggs, but beautifully painted in little roses and blue bottles; in short, many other things. Gabrielle bought some thread and silk for herself, and she gave to me and Amalazonte a tea board of egg

shells, quite complete, and two baskets made of the melon seeds; she likewise took some straw flowers for Theodalinde, and then we returned home. Mamma found these bargains so pretty, that she wished to see the little merchant, who came immediately. It is now you will be astonished. You would never guess who this pedlar was: well, imagine to yourself, it was young Etienne Mortane, son of the Countess de Mortane, who was so rich, had such a beautiful house, and wore so many diamonds. I remember less of his figure than that of the Abbé, on account of his large nose and wart, and because he always prevented my eating meringues[b]; besides, young Mortane is very much grown, and very brown by being exposed to the wind, for it is eighteen months since he became a pedlar, and rambled from morning till night without relaxation. He told us he had walked twice to Hamburgh, which is thirty-six French leagues hence. The Countess de Mortane, who

[b] Meringues are a sort of pastry.

who was a widow, emigrated with her mother and two children, Etienne and Lucie de Mortane, who is twelve years old. The Countess died at Hamburgh two years since, the two children were left with their grandmother, who they say has not much sense, and is very infirm. As she had scarcely any money, she came here, and retired in the village called *little Brevel*, (for there are two Brevels, the other called *great Brevel*.) This poor woman, who is seventy-five years of age, settled in a cottage; her money was soon entirely gone, and she commenced knitting purses; Lucie, who is very dexterous, made all sorts of pretty works; and Etienne Mortane proposed to go and sell them; which he has done with success. He goes to Sleswick and the neighbouring chateaus, and sells enough goods to support his grandmother and sister. They have taken different names, and are well known to be French, but they are supposed to be people of the lower class. Mamma went to see the grandmother yesterday; she found her in a garret with Miss Mortane; how-

ever she had a tolerably good bed; but Lucie slept on the floor, on a large feather pillow, and without sheets; and young Etienne on straw. The brother and sister are very interesting, from their care and attachment to their poor old grandmother, Mamma sent them some sheets and a few small household goods; Theodelinde carried them two pots of sweetmeats, one of apricot marmalade, and the other currant jelly. This adventure has greatly affected us, but it has given great pleasure to Gabrielle, who has half her pension to give away; and then it is very pleasant to meet with such a family. With this money they will no longer sleep in a garret; they are now in a new lodging, consisting of two small neat rooms; they have a good stove, and some good beds. Etienne will no longer be a pedlar: my father has taken upon himself to sell their little works at the fairs of Sleswick and Kiel, and Etienne will come every day to our house to take lessons in writing and arithmetic, which my father will give him. Lucie will remain at home to take care of her grand-

mother, but Gabrielle will go and see her every morning to teach her different things. Their cottage is but a short quarter of a league from ours, so that it is only a little walk for us. My father says, that these two children may return to France without difficulty, and take possession of their estates, and he will take charge of their affairs.

I thought this history would give you pleasure; I beg you will relate it to Amenaide. Adieu, my dear Artaxerxes, I embrace you, and am and always shall be your sincere friend Orosmane.

LETTER VIII.

Gustavus d'Ermont to Edward d'Armilly.

Richterweil, April 1, 1795.

YOU have given me so many proofs of friendship, dear Edward, that I am certain beforehand of the interest you will take in the happy change of my situation. I acknowledge to you, my friend, that for three months particularly we were in a

deplorable state. The resources of my friends were entirely exhausted, and what completed my trouble was the necessity of parting with the Abbé Dubourg. He left us with chagrin two months since; he was at Zurich, seeking a situation, and by unexpected good fortune the Prince*** who is in Switzerland, with the young Prince Frederic, his only son, passed through Zurich, saw Mr. D * * * his banker, and told him he wished to send his son on a tour through Italy, and to find for him a French preceptor, who united with an excellent reputation, instruction and sense. Mr. D * * * proposed the Abbé Dubourg, who, at the end of a fortnight, was accepted. This news gave me the most lively joy, since it removed all uneasiness on the fate of my respected friend. A little time after, the Abbé learning the Prince was looking out for an artist also to accompany his son, and to draw the most beautiful views in Italy, proposed me, but on terms that would make me accept the situation with pleasure. The Abbé shewed several of

my pictures, and spoke of my character with paternal affection and kindness; at the same time he added my birth, and the principles of my parents, would not allow me to embrace the profession of an artist, but that I should consider myself honoured in being attached under a suitable title to a sovereign prince, and then I would devote with zeal my feeble talents to him. The Abbé has obtained for me the title he solicited, and the prince, knowing the situation of my family, has added to this favour, by sending me a considerable sum of ready money, besides the allowance he has granted me; a generosity which has rendered me very happy, since this money may release my parents from embarrassment, and relieve their wants for two years. Thus I owe every thing to the Abbé, my taste for study and application, and consequently the talent for painting, and, in fact, the situation which he has rendered me capable of filling. I shall not be separated from him, and may still profit by his lessons and advice; this idea

alone softens the pain I should feel in quitting a family so dear to me.

I shall set off for Italy in eight days. I flatter myself, dear Edward, you will write to me sometimes. I will soon send you my itinerary; in the mean time write to me at Zurich, under cover, to Mr. D * * * who will forward your letters to me.

LETTER IX.

Edward's answer to Gustavus.

Copenhagen, May 2, 1796.

YOU do me justice, my dear Gustavus, in believing I sincerely participate in whatever good fortune may happen to you. Your letter has given me great pleasure; it must be a satisfaction to you to receive such obligations from the respectable Abbé Dubourg; heaven rewards you for your attachment to him, you received him, you profited by his instruction, and you now enjoy the reward of your good heart and application. I believe, my friend, there is a particular providence over grateful hearts. The su-

preme Benefactor God without doubt protects them, and can only entirely abandon ingrats. You are going to visit a very interesting country, I hope you will say a great deal of it in your letter; on my part I will let you share my observations. Destiny has conducted us to the two extremities of Europe; we must submit, and endeavour to draw instruction from this strange situation. Copenhagen is a very fine city, and we find a very amiable and lively society; here strangers are received with ease and benevolence. People in the north have always passed for being hospitable; they retain this reputation in a remarkable degree in an age, which certainly furnishes every opportunity for it. I will sometime hence give you more particulars, but now we are solely occupied in seeking my sister Adelaide, and unfortunately our researches have as yet produced nothing. We only know that a French woman named Mrs. Roussel (which is the name of my sister's governess) has left Hamburgh four months since with a young person foun-

teen years old, of a very pretty figure, named Adelaïde Clara, and who was not her daughter. Other circumstances have persuaded us that this young person can be no other than my sister, and we still believe it: but I recollected with sorrow the adventure of Miss d'Elsenne, and I think it is not impossible that chance and this singular report may produce a second time a like error. Notwithstanding, we have collected so many facts, so many little striking details, which when united dissipate all doubt. What is certain is, that these two French people, whom we have discovered some traces of here, are no longer at Copenhagen; the question is to discover whether they have returned to Hamburgh, or if they have been to Norway or Sweden. My father, from our letters, set off for Hamburgh, and if he does not meet with them, will travel over Holstein, and go even to Jutland. We have had inserted in all the German papers articles by which my sister may learn the name of the place we inhabit; besides, Lord Selby

has written on the same subject twice to his mother; he has not received an answer, but he has taken the precaution to write again to his correspondent in London, to charge him to have the same articles in the public papers, which have been executed, for Lord Selby has read them in three English papers that have been sent him, since we have been here. We never thought my sister was in England, for we were persuaded that nothing could induce her to go there; but on such an interesting subject, we must not neglect any thing, and I beg even you, Gustavus, to learn every information in the countries you travel through. It will be better to make a thousand useless enquiries, than to omit one of importance.

Let me hear from you often, my dear Gustavus, and never forget a friend who is so tenderly attached to you, and for life.

LETTER X.

*Melanie de Bossiere to Olympia D***.*

***, June 17..

YES, my dear Olympia, I am every day more confirmed in *my conversion*, and the longer I live at the court I am attached to, the more I am persuaded that it is possible to find virtuous and amiable princes. I am going to relate to you a trait, which will be better than my eulogiums. The young princess Julia has had an extremely painful illness, which was very long, and at the end of some time, she was obliged to repose a confidence which admiration has betrayed. She acknowledged to the Countess D***, that she had secretly paid several small pensions to unfortunate persons, and the term had expired since her illness, and not being able to go out or receive privately her different pensioners, she wished to send them the money that was due to them. A calculation has been made of these gifts, and it is found that it greatly exceeds the half of this young princess's

allowance, without its being known to any one, because it was done with the greatest secresy, which she ordered all the unfortunate persons to whom she was benefactress to keep[c]. I shall not make any reflection on the above. What expressions could embellish such traits! What comments could add to the sentiments they inspire! In fact, I find in the whole of this august family the same goodness, the same virtues. I live under their protection; this idea prevents my expressing as I could wish all that I feel; a just delicacy deprives banished persons the privilege of openly praising those who afford them an asylum; this privation is the real disgrace of misfortune; it belongs only to the happy and independent to deliver themselves up to effusions so noble and so easy of admiration; the unfortunate and fugitives can only offer suspected praise; they ought at least to cast a veil over those that escape

[c] This trait is not invented; I collected it with certainty, and relate it faithfully.

them; they are like unfortunate lovers, not daring to speak but mysteriously, or condemned to silence.

You know, dear Olympia, we have often jested on this maxim of the people, *that the Negros are all good or all bad.* But it appears to me, that if it is applied to princes, it would be equally just. For, in fact, when a prince allows himself to be corrupted by flattery, I think without difficulty that he is *all bad;* but when he can resist that seduction, he must have been born with so distinguished a sense and excellent a character, that he must really be *all good.*

I know my father hopes soon to be able to return to France. Notwithstanding the pleasure I shall feel in returning to my native place, and the inexpressible joy of finding myself in the bosom of my family, I shall not leave this country without regret. What then shall I not feel on repassing Zurich, and bidding you farewell! Write to me as often as you can, dear Olympia; the happiness of receiving letters from you is to me without alloy,

since I may hope never to be deprived of it.

LETTER XI.

The Countess de Lurcé to the Chevalier d'Iselin.

Castle of ***, June 23.

YES, my dear Chevalier, I am still enchanted with my new situation. When we enjoy perfect tranquillity, we are always happy, but in these times we find it supreme happiness. My apartment is small, but very neat, and I am in the possession of a superb castle, an immense library, and the most beautiful gardens in the world; I have the command of all the servants, who obey me punctually; I can fancy myself the mistress of this magnificent abode; and if I really were so, I should be less happy, for I must then depend on a steward, which is very tiresome; I must make my appearance, dress, curl my hair, go to court, and receive a multitude of troublesome people. What happiness to be free from all that! What is living in the world with a large fortune?

It is to pass one's life in sacrificing one's inclinations, reason, health, and time, to fashion and etiquette, and to the most trifling prejudices. When one has passed youth, and is neither a gamester, vain, or ambitious, and possess solid taste, the life one leads at court and in the great world is truly insupportable. You tell me then, one might live according to one's taste, but it is a very difficult thing with a considerable fortune; in that situation one has so many relations, so many *intimate friends*, that one does not like, but which custom retains, that one must possess great strength of mind to decide on breaking so many little ties, and to brave the public clamor; for a person immensely rich who renounces society, inspires a great part of the people with that sort of indignation they would feel for a merchant who is made a bankrupt. Great suppers, less of feasts, or small houses, &c. are terrible faults! Besides, this kind of desertion has never the approbation of the public; they would only then see avarice or caprice. And besides, if one is devoted to

retirement, of what use is a large fortune? an elegant house is no longer required, if one only receives those one loves; and one no longer wants feasting or luxuries; all these treasures could only be employed in giving them away: that would be, I allow, a celestial enjoyment; but when one does not possess them, one is not tormented with the desire of having them to distribute; riches are only envied to satisfy the vanity, and not to make a worthy use of them. I will even say, that in a state of mediocrity, one feels a purer pleasure in being benevolent, because one is so with merit and discernment. Brilliant gifts are commonly attributed to ostentation and vanity, which corrupts every thing, and is always blended with it in a small degree. It is a fine thing to found hospitals; but it is sweeter to go in solitude, and carry bread to the cottages. The conclusion of all this is, that heaven has attached to mediocrity all the felicity of this life; and as immense riches removes us much farther from that happy state than poverty, the result is, that you and I are

nearer happiness than ever were Mr. de Marmontel and Mr. de Beaujon[f].

With respect to the discharge of my office, it takes a very short time; with good sense, order, and activity, one may perfectly fulfil domestic duties by attention, and devoting to them regularly one hour each day. I have likewise never admired those kind *of housekeepers* who have acquired great reputation, precisely because it attracts praise, that is to say, because they are always seen employed; this continual occupation proves to me nothing but puerility or affectation. An intelligent woman knows how to conduct her house as well, and often better, and nobody would perceive that she directed every thing. It is true, I do not speak of women, who, with not only a decent, but very considerable fortune, carry economy to such an excess, as to actually take upon

[f] It is seen by the examples cited, that *absolute poverty* is not spoken of, that is to say, of those who are destitute of income or refuge; she is alluding here to the situation in which one has only absolute necessaries, or to those who are obliged to work.

themselves the management of the kitchen; I know that this custom, which continues in many countries, appears to certain travellers a sure proof of the most pure manners; they think a woman must possess all the perfections of her sex, as soon as she knows how to serve up a good dinner, and is devoted to pass her life with maid servants and valets. According to them, the kitchen is a *temple*, where the honour of a woman is always in safety; these people contemplate with as much compassion as admiration a young woman hashing meat, and burning her face over a furnace. Every one has their manner of seeing and judging; as for me, I think, when one pays a cook, there is no necessity for partaking such employment with him; and she would please her husband much better, by taking care of his children, and giving herself up to their education, than to pass four or five hours every day in a hot dirty place, and follow without necessity an unpleasant or unhealthy business, which always ends in destroying the health. As to the res-

my criticism falls only on ladies who are rich and cook only from habit, and who for *the sake of praise* take pleasure in cutting raw meat; I can only figure them to myself with hands bloody, or blacked with the coal. But I like that a young person should learn as much of this art as belongs to the pantry; this kind of cookery has nothing disagreeable in it; I even think, that jellies, and preserved flowers, and fruits, should be prepared by the hands of women.

I write often *to my mistress* the Baroness de Flemming; I entirely disguise my writing, but in other respects I endeavour to render my letters agreeable. I think I may flatter myself I succeed, for she sends me long and charming answers, and assures me she is dying with impatience *to know me personally*. She does not suspect that this interview will be a romantic recognition, and a true coup de theatre. She still reckons on going to England, so that she will not return to this castle for a year and half or two years. I only write besides to Madame Blimont and you;

I have no correspondence with Mrs. d'Ermont, but I hear of her by her cousin, who informs me she has made several attempts to return to France. So this passionate royalist is becoming a republican! One must acknowledge all these apostasies infinitely discredit political systems, or the characters of enthusiasts of different parties. Happy are the people who are moderate and peaceable; who have never vilified any one, who have never hated a person for his opinions; they have nothing to retract. You advise me, my dear Chevalier, also to make attempts to obtain my return to my country. I would certainly make them, if I were sure of finding peace in France; but how can I hope for it? I thank you for the offers you have made me on this subject; I own to you, that I prefer remaining house-keeper in my castle, than to go and live in the midst of faction and intrigues; and for what? for a fortune I am so contented without! I devote my days to sweet tranquillity; I cannot describe to you the calmness of my mind; oh, how deliciously I enjoy it, in comparing it with

the horrible agitation which consumes so many people! Philosophers and poets think they give us an idea of great courage, by representing the wise *struggling* with firmness against adversity; I do better than *struggle* against it, I embrace it not only with submission, but with joy; I feel that I owe much more than it can deprive me of; it has given me what serves in place of every thing, patience, indulgence, the unalterable serenity of a mind, comfortable and resigned, and the inestimable happiness of knowing all my strength and resources individually. Leave me then in my solitude; I am there forgotten by the wicked and insensible; I no longer live but for those I love; is it not particularly above all, at this time, a more agreeable existence?

Write me a long letter, and often; one must have lived in absolute retreat to know what value one can attach to the letters of a real friend who writes like you. The letters do not arrive here till evening, but the hope alone of receiving one spreads an inexpressible interest on all the post

days, and I can give you no idea of the pleasure I feel when they bring me a large letter, very thick, under cover, on which I recognize the post-mark of *Bremen*. Adieu, my friend; believe that absence, far from weakening friendship, can only increase it, when one lives in profound solitude.

LETTER XII.

Juliette to her cousin Adrienne.

Rarup, August 28, 1795.

NO, my dear cousin, we have not at present heard any direct news of Adelaïde, but it appears certain she is in Denmark or Sweden. Lord Selby wrote to my father in his last letter, that he believed at last to have positively found out sure traces, by which means he is every moment expecting to discover her. You may imagine, my dear friend, all we have suffered in this long expectation? My mamma's health is very much disordered.

They talk of sending my brothers, my little sister, and myself, to my aunts in France, on account of the wealth they will

return to us; but we shall be very sorry to quit an exile, in which we leave papa and mamma. How can I feel happy in a large house, when I consider they inhabit a small cottage? I should however feel a great pleasure in again seeing my aunt, my cousin, and you, dear Amenaide; but it is with mamma this happiness would be perfect! It is decided that my elder brother should remain in Denmark all the time Lord Selby will pass there, and that Orosmane, Amalazonte, and myself, should not return to France till the beginning of winter; perhaps then my papa and mamma may also come.

Our habitation is charming now; we have an agreeable neighbourhood, and often go to Dollrott; if I knew better how to write, I would give you a description of the masters of this castle, but that would take a long time, for I think it would be impossible in one letter to relate all that is good and amiable of them. I have likewise a charming friend at Rarup; it is a young person of my own age, adopted by a lady, who gives her a perfect education.

We take long walks, and find a great many plants and beautiful butterflies, which we paint together with flowers; so you see we are as happy as emigrants can be. Gabrielle is now quite contented; she is still a little melancholy, but she is amiable, and very kind. She feels anxious concern for the family emigrated of whom I spoke, Madam de Mortane and her grand-children. These children, whose affairs my father has arranged, will return to France next month with their grandmother, who, thanks to my father, is erased from the list of emigrants.

Amalazonte knits and reads extremely well; Orosmane climbs up the trees like a squirrel; besides, he learns very well, and speaks German in a surprising manner. Adieu, dear Amenaide; love always your Theodelinde, and tell her so very often.

LETTER XIII.

Mrs. de Palmène to her sister Mrs. d'Armilly.

Paris, September 30.

FROM your last letter, my dear friend, I hope you have before this found our Adelaïde, and that she is now in your arms. I have on my side taken every possible proceeding to acquire some light on her fate, but without success. How happy I shall be when I know she is near you! Who better than myself can conceive and feel all you have suffered in such an uncertainty! Your affairs here are going on very well, Mr. d'Elsenne employs himself exclusively with them. Gratitude in him is a real passion; he is likewise generous and sensible to an uncommon degree. You will decidedly not send Edward here immediately, but we request the others, for reasons Mr. d'Elsenne has related. He begs you will confide Pierrot to him, whom he will take care of till you can bring Gabrielle. I assure you Pierrot will find in him the most assiduous and affectionate instructor. Represent to yourself this im-

placable and terrible *enemy*, this old persecutor, Mr. d'Elsenne, at length solely occupied in your interest, and all that relates to you! Alas! too often enmity and indifference succeed to the most tender affection; it is pleasant to admire a change on the contrary, and to see hatred replaced by a sincere attachment. If we well knew the wonderful versatility of the human heart, a well-founded hope would soften the lacerating pain which violent and unreasonable feelings produce; we should say, This passion, which I believe invincible, will perhaps in time leave in me contempt and disgust. That object which inspires me with a culpable aversion, will perhaps one day become my dearest friend! Oh, what happiness if such reflexions could moderate a dangerous enthusiasm, or conquer unjust prejudices!

We both knew a woman, who for ten years believed she had an insurmountable antipathy to her husband, and at the end of that time suddenly felt for him a passionate tenderness, which still continues. Those examples, much more common th-

is supposed, are in my opinion one of the strongest arguments against divorce, independent of all religious ideas. There is nothing solid but feelings inspired by nature or prescribed by duty; all the others lead to illusions and errors, which time will certainly destroy, and reason and virtue might dissipate.

You ask me news of Madam de C***, I saw her a fortnight ago for the first time this three years. By extraordinary good fortune she has lived peaceably in Languedoc, and has not been deprived of her liberty, or persecuted. She is still handsome, but brings up the little Clementine very ill. This child, who is ten years old, has the appearance of a little boy dressed as a girl: she is always armed with a whip, or playing with a drum, she climbs on the chairs, making a frightful bustle; I never saw any thing more ridiculous or more troublesome. Madam de C*** smiles at all this, and repeats with an air of complaisance that Clementine is *a true wag*; one may see she attaches to this change a sort of grace and gentility, and Clemen-

tine, who is not mistaken, redoubles her noise every time she hears this sentence, which is to her an eulogy. How easily we pass from one extremity to another! Madam de C*** has been struck with the pedantry of certain mothers, who wish their daughters at the age of five or six years *may have a good deportment*, and she gives hers the manners and tone of little girls in the street. She wishes at ten years old that she may be a *mere wag*; that is to say, she does not know how to amuse herself except by indecency and vulgarity. Our children have never been constrained, they have all the natural and amiable gaiety of their age, but within bounds and decency. Our daughters have not the decided turn of our boys; they have not removed the graces which, from their infancy, adorn and characterize their sex, the timid softness and instinct of modesty; *at ten years*, when they are permitted to pass a little time in society, far from troubling every one by noisy plays; they already know how to listen to conversation with interest, and consequentl-

with advantage; and I believe that Adelaide, Juliette, Gogo, and Adrienne, will be more amiable women than Clementine can ever be, although the latter may be born with as good a disposition.

With regard to Madam de C***'s sister-in-law, she is still the same as when you saw her, enthusiast by calculation, coolly emphatical, mortally wearisome to those who love nature and reason. Her conversation resembles a bad collection of *bon mots*, made by people without taste. Her character is not more estimable than her mind; at the commencement of the revolution she was a *zealous constitutionalist*. You may recollect how she tired us with her praises of *limited monarchy*, of *mixed governments*; now she is a *violent republican*; she would without doubt be *passionately in love with royalty*, if our brave soldiers had not subdued all the powers of Europe conspired against us. With respect to politics, according to my opinion, a woman can only speak of what pertains to morality or particular laws, but when she takes upon herself to treat

of constitution and the forms of government, it becomes in the highest degree ridiculous; for want of instruction, she can only repeat with pedantry the most trite common places; this singular mixture of ignorance, pretensions, and frivolity offers something so comic and striking, that I am surprised the idea has not struck them of bringing such a person on the stage. A piece entitled *La Femme*, or *Les Femmes d'Etat*, would be an excellent comedy in character; this subject appears to me much more striking than that of the *Femmes Savantes* or *Précieuses Ridicules*. What a pity that such a character did not exist in the time of Moliere!

Adieu, dear sister, I feel the delightful presentiment that we shall soon meet again; but if you do not come here in four or five months, I shall certainly make you a visit. I confide this letter to the amiable and interesting Alphonsine, who will pass near the place you inhabit, on embarking to go to Denmark and Stockholm. This young person not being able to obtain the recall of her parents, sets

with her husband to go and see them, and in quitting every thing to make this great voyage, she only thinks it fulfilling an indispensable duty. This action is in fact very natural on her part, but we must praise it in a son-in-law. Madam de N*** is likewise departed to see her mother in Switzerland. I remark with great pleasure that persecutions and misfortunes have exalted all the virtuous sentiments of amiable minds. Adieu, my friend, write to me under the address Mr. Duplessis has given you.

LETTER XIV.

Lady Elizabeth to her son, Lord Arthur Selby.

London, November 18.

IT is true, my dear son, that for the last eighteen months I have been solely occupied with the marriage of your cousin Charlotte; this marriage was on the point of being concluded, when the caprices of my sister-in-law broke it off; at last it has succeeded through my care. However,

believe, my Arthur, that notwithstanding the lively interest I felt in this affair, I would have answered circumstantially the letters you speak of, if I had received them. But I now see clearly that you have written to me three or four letters, which I have not received. I do not know what this *interesting fugitive* is whose history you pretend to have related to me: my silence on that subject was not *forgetfulness*, or the effect of *my natural absence of mind*: the marriage of my niece did not *absorb all my thoughts*, but the secrets of which you speak to me have not yet reached me. It is true that three or four months ago I received a letter, in which you requested me to learn every information respecting the young French emigrants in London. You added nothing more, and I gave you an account of this commission, which is perhaps what made you think I had received your other letters, for I imagine that one was but the sequel of the secret you believed you had confided to me. Alas! in time of war particularly secrets committed to the seas are very

hazardous! As for the rest, even if I had known all I am ignorant of, I could not have proceeded farther. I suspect *the heart is interested*, which excites your curiosity respecting the French emigrants. I have taken the most minute directions about all the pretty fugitives who are here, and I only neglect these informations of those who are reported to be destitute of beauty and grace. I have sent you an exact list of all the young persons handsome and not married, who inhabit London and its environs. I have received the answer in which you informed me, that *all that vocabulary* was useless to you. I thought you had changed your sentiments, and no more spoke to you of them; but I see by your last letter that the same idea still deeply possesses you, and that you have written to me more than one letter containing circumstantial accounts of this object, which so sensibly concerns you, and of whom I am ignorant even to the name. Since I have written the list which has reached you, no young or pretty Frenchwoman (at least to my knowledge)

is come in this country, and I still enquire. They have spoken much for several months of a charming little girl of great talents, who is French: she is called Cordelia, and is daughter of a musician, but she is a child they say not more than ten years of age, so she cannot be your interesting fugitive. I have not seen her, because an emigrant must at least be fifteen, to excite my curiosity. Recommence your confidence then, dear Arthur, and with all the particulars I will lose nothing of it. I love, without knowing this person who inspires you with such an attachment: I represent her to myself as lovely, but above all, good and virtuous, and I am certain that frivolous accomplishments, or beauty alone, could not fix a heart such as yours. Adieu, my dear son; answer me quickly.

The marriage will be celebrated at my seat in Devonshire, where I shall return for that purpose in the month of January. I come back again at the end of February.

LETTER XV.

Eugene de Vilmore to Edward d'Armilly.

London, December 2.

DURING a month that I have been in England, I have not had a moment to dispose of, my dear friend. I am very happy in this country, since the Baroness de Flemming is here also; and I see Lolotte every day. But I have a fine history to tell you, I have added it to the sequel of my memoirs, and as my adoptive father says, it will there make a moral discovery which one will find with pleasure. I will not prepare you, that I may not deprive you of a great surprise; so I am going to begin my recital. The Baroness and Lolotte live at Kensington with a lady of her acquaintance; my father and myself went there to breakfast a week ago; my father who had business went out after having taken his tea with an Englishman, who took him in his carriage. I begged to remain a little longer; my father permitted me, but ordered me to return before night, because we must cross lone-

some fields to return to London, where thieves are often met after the close of day. I forgot myself while with Lolotte, for which I was very sorry, as it was the first time I had failed in executing with exactness an order given me by my father. I went at three quarters past five: my father had left me a hackney coach. On crossing these solitary fields of which I have spoken, I suddenly heard piercing cries; I immediately stopped the coach, but not without difficulty, for the coachman was unwilling. I jumped out, and ran to the place from whence the cries had proceeded. You know I am large and strong for my age: I had a good sword stick, and moreover I reckoned upon the servant, but he was so cowardly as not to follow me. I arrived near a ditch, where I found a man thrown down, and wounded by a robber, who held him by the throat; I spoke in a gruff voice to frighten the thief, and said in English if he did not go I would give him a pistol shot. It succeeded, the thief immediately took to his heels. I

called to the servant, who was not far off, and who immediately came. The wounded stranger could not move, but he spoke in a low and feeble voice; although the night was not very dark, I could not possibly distinguish his features. We drew him from the ditch; he was all over blood, which made me shudder: we carried him to the coach, and continued our journey. I wished to conduct him to our inn, because he lived at the other extremity of London, and I was in a hurry to reach home, supposing my father was uneasy about me. As we entered our street the man fainted, which caused me great pain, believing he had just expired. On arriving at the inn I charged the servant to be careful to explain this adventure to our landlord, and went straight to my father. He had just entered, and was preparing to go out and seek for me. I opened the door, my father came forward, fixed his eyes on me, became pale as death, he cried, Good heavens, and fell in a chair. I remained much surprised, not knowing I was covered with blood. At length we

explained ourselves, my father weeping embraced me: I also wept, but said, Alas! my father, I could not save his life, he is dead in the coach. At this moment they came and told us the man was recovered, and could speak. I was transported with joy, and my father likewise, but in approving my action, he found I had wanted prudence, by not immediately making my declaration on entering London, and that if this man had died, it would have exposed me to unpleasant law proceedings. We descended to the wounded man's room, the justice of peace and other officers of justice and surgeon entered at the same time with us. The room was very light; they had placed the wounded man on a bed, the curtains of which were drawn. The surgeon went to the bedside to examine the wound and dress it, and my father immediately took me to a parlour near with the officers of justice; the servant and coachman were called, and we made our depositions. While I related this history, I was more than once affected, for my father, who was by my s

often had tears in his eyes; it was pleasant to me, my dear Edward, to see this beloved benefactor, this best of men, look from time to time with satisfaction on the officers of justice, and endeavour to increase the astonishment they shewed for an action so natural and simple, by telling them my age, for they believed me older. When I had finished speaking, my father folded me in his arms, saying, My Eugene, my son, I am satisfied with you. Oh my father, said I, what welcome words, and what indulgence, when I did not set off till it was night! My father smiled, and said, It is Lolotte who deserves to be scolded. However, I had a great wish to hear something of the stranger, and to see him. The surgeon came to look for us, and tell us the wounds were mortal, and that this man would not live through the night; he added, he was quite sensible, appeared rich, and was a foreigner: he wished to see his deliverer. This word *deliverer* gave me pleasure and pain at the same time, on reflecting that the man was mortally wounded. My father took me

by the hand to conduct me to the other room; we approached the bed, and the landlord and surgeon drew the curtains. As the landlord had just told me he was a Frenchman, I spoke to him in that language. He answered a few words, and then suddenly stopped, looking at me earnestly, and with an air of astonishment. I stared in my turn, and felt a confused recollection of his features. It seems to me, said I to him, I do not see you now for the first time, do you know me? My name is Eugene de Vilmore. Oh, my God! cried he, with force. I felt my heart beat. I began to recognize him. Would you believe it, my dear Edward, that this man, murdered and robbed by a thief, was the thief Berard, my poor uncle's coachman! It was this miserable servant who at Stutgard robbed us of all our money! At the instant, carried away by the idea that this crime had killed my unfortune uncle with grief, I could not help crying out, Ah, villain! but I immediately repented of this expression. I now saw him as a man ready to die, and only thought to console

him. He begged a thousand pardons, and appeared very repentant. He had made a large fortune for a man of his situation. He declared he owed me restitution, and left me the sum he had stolen from us. He had quitted the infamous name of Berard, and was engaged in a little trade, and his affairs were in very good order. I prevailed on him to see a priest: he shewed a great deal of remorse and terror, and died in dreadful agonies the same night, or towards three o'clock in the morning. I have, with the approbation of my father, given the whole of the sum restored to me to the poor. It seemed to me a sort of duty that I owed to the memory of my uncle, who was so virtnous and charitable: besides, could I otherwise employ money which had passed through such hands, and had cost the life of my respected uncle?

This adventure has made Lolotte weep very much, and since that time, far from detaining me till night, she earnestly presses me to go by daylight. You commanded me, my friend, to relate to you

all that happened to me interesting, so I was indebted to you this history. Adieu, dear Edward; Lolotte and myself often speak of you, and we love you very tenderly.

LETTER XVI.

Edward to Augustus.

Copenhagen, January 1, 1796.

THE post is just going to start, dear Augustus, and we shall set off in an hour for Stockholm. At last, my friend, after so much uneasiness, and so many enquiries, we believe we have discovered with certainty traces of my sister. I have given you an account of all the reasons we had for suspecting she was in the North, until the month of October last year: here are some more positive facts; a Swedish gentleman named the Count of * * *, who is come from Norway, and with whom we are acquainted, has seen several times a young person fourteen or fifteen years of age, under the protection of a governess, named Madame Roussel. This young per-

son is handsome, and has great abilities: her governess acknowledges that she is French under a feigned name, that she is of high birth, and that she is seeking her friends, who, like herself, are emigrants, of whom from many circumstances she has lost all traces. We have demanded an account of her figure, which agrees very well to my sister's, except that she is very tall, and well formed for her age; but it is very possible that travelling, and the time that has passed may have produced this change in her. The Count de * * * has not been struck with her resemblance to me, notwithstanding he thinks there is a family likeness. This young person, who has taken the name of Clara, has spoken before the Count of her father and mother with great sensibility; another time she said she had a charming sister and a *brother*, whom she tenderly loved. We think that as she only mentioned one brother and sister, it was because Pierrot and Gogo were too young when we parted for her to have felt the same tenderness for them as she did for Juliette and my-

self. In one word, we do not doubt that Clara is Adelaïde, and to complete our happiness we know positively where she is. A Swedish lady named the Baroness de Klingsbourg, and who has passed some time at Copenhagen, has seen this young emigrant, and has felt a most tender friendship for her. As *Clara*, or, to be better understood, Adelaïde, imagined we were in the North, she first went to Norway with her protectress, the Baroness, who they say has relations in that country, and that is the reason we did not meet her in Denmark; she five or six months afterwards set off with the Baroness for Sweden; they say she has not left that lady, and that she lodges in her house; so we are sure to find her. You may judge of my joy! Lord Selby participates in it. Oh, my friend, if I had time I would give you an account of my hopes, I think I am not mistaken, that Lord Selby (although he has said nothing to me) is as desirous as myself that we should find Adelaïde. Since he has read her journal, and the letters of Mr. Duplessis,

he is so taken up with her! Ah, if it were true, nothing would be wanting to my happiness! I love Lord Selby so much: he is so good, so amiable, so virtuous! the woman he marries will be so perfectly happy! Adieu, dear friend, they are in a hurry, I must go, I will write to you again on reaching Stockholm.

LETTER XVII.

From the same to the same.

Stockholm, January 10.

YES, my friend, Clara is indeed Adelaïde! but there is no happiness without a mixture of pain! attend to the recital of a very strange and extraordinary adventure.

After having taken the necessary information of the Baroness de Klingsbourg, we went to her house yesterday at twelve o'clock; they told us at the door that she had set off the evening before for the country with Miss Clara. This journey appeared singular to us at this season of the year; we enquired if we could see the

governess of Miss Clara. They answered, she was likewise in the country. At length they told us, the country seat was but two short French leagues from Stockholm, and Lord Selby determined on going there immediately. It would be an extreme pleasure to enjoy the surprise of Adelaïde, and to be witness to the first emotions of her joy and sensibility: which was the reason I did not write to her. The difficulty of procuring a carriage, horses, and an interpreter, together with an infinity of mistakes, was the cause, notwithstanding our impatience, of its being impossible to depart till half past seven in the evening. When we had reached half way, our carriage broke, which detained us three hours at least; in fact we did not reach the castle till a little before midnight. We met on the road many carriages and sledges, which were returning from the place we were going to, and on entering the avenue to the castle, we were astonished to find it illuminated. We saw that the castle was likewise magnificently illuminated, and

every thing announced a brilliant fete. As there was at the entrance door a long file of carriages coming from the court yard, Lord Selby and myself took the resolution to descend from ours, and entered on foot through a little door; they took no notice of us, and after rapidly crossing an immense yard, we entered the castle. They were still dancing in several apartments, and I know not why, but this noise of instruments and display of fete gave me pain; I was confounded, without being able to guess the cause. It was a true presentiment. Our interpreter questioned the servants, and during that time we remained in an antichamber, where every body went and came. The interpreter rejoined us in a few minutes, and told us that the Baroness de Klingsbourg would depart almost instantly with the new married couple. What new married couple? asked Lord Selby, with emotion. The Baroness's brother, replied the interpreter, and this young French emigrant, Miss Clara, who were married this ——ing, and return to Stockholm to

night. At these words, Lord Selby turned pale, and I burst into tears. He took my hand, squeezed it forcibly, and dragged me from the castle. We sorrowfully ascended our carriage. During the ride, he said not a word, but sighed more than once. I could not see his face on account of the night. On arriving at our inn, he again squeezed my hand, and was soon after locked in his chamber. This morning, I was waked at nine o'clock by Lord Selby's order; and received a little note from him containing these words: "The Baroness de Klingsbourg's brother is named the Count d'Harfeld; the servant who delivers this letter knows his address. Call on him, my dear Edward; as for me I shall not go out to-day."

I dressed myself, and went out at eleven o'clock. Arrived at the Count d'Harfeld's, I at first asked to see Madame Roussel. They told me she remained in the country, and would not return till the evening. Afterwards, wishing to apprise my sister gently, I desired to be conducted to her

antichamber. They conducted me there, and I asked to speak in private to one of her maids. They then shewed me and my interpreter into a pretty study, where I waited more than a quarter of an hour. I walked to and fro in extreme agitation, my eyes fell by chance on a bouquet of artificial white roses, placed in a pretty little china vase; I looked nearer at this vase, and recollected I had given one like it to Adelaïde. At the same moment it occurred to me that I had written on the vase these words, *A gift of friendship;* I took up the vase, and looked underneath, and in short found the same words. This little incident affected me even to tears, since it convinced me that Clara was really my sister. I did not doubt it, but this positive proof almost produced the same effect on me as even the sight of her could have done. After having waited fifteen or twenty minutes, a servant came and told me that the Countess's women were all busy, that the Countess herself could not receive visitors, but that if I would return at five o'clock,

she would grant me the audience I solicited. They demanded my name; which I was not willing to tell, fearing a declaration so abrupt, and without any preparation, would cause my sister a dangerous shock. On my return, I saw Lord Selby, who waited for me with impatience; I related to him what had passed, not forgetting the little china vase. He has not said any thing to me, but he is very sad and very thoughtful. Ah! my friend, he must have loved her; his project was to marry her, if she answered the opinion he had of her! I am certain of it! Lord Selby would have been my brother! I should have been too happy! Is it possible Adelaïde can have thus disposed of herself? so young! without the consent of her parents! She has made, it is true, an excellent match; she was without refuge, without support; but then to marry, at fourteen years and eight months, without her father's and mother's knowledge of it! This marriage is without doubt lawful in this country, but I think in others it would not be so. Then I ought

not to condemn her without a hearing; I must see her. While waiting for the hour of meeting, I have written to my father; I wished to write to you also. Oh, dear Augustus, how I am agitated! I am going then to see this beloved sister! This darling girl! What will my father and mother say? They will blame this marriage! How all these ideas torment me! Oh, what a difference if I had found her free! What would be my joy now! Adieu. It is a quarter past four; I will resume this letter on my return.

Stockholm, January 11.

Good heavens! dear Augustus, what have I to relate to you! I know not myself whether I am pleased or afflicted! but I am both. I am going to relate it with order and brevity. Yesterday at ten minutes before five, I entered the Count d'Harfeld's house; they shewed me into a parlour; an instant after came, as I wished, a waiting maid; I asked her

if she understood French, she answered that she did; then wishing to inform her who I was, My name is Edward d'Armilly, said I to her. D'Armilly? interrupted she; ah! that name is very dear to Madam. But, Sir, continued she, are you the brother of Adelaïde d'Armilly? Yes, answered I. O heavens! cried she, what joy for Madam! On saying these words, she abruptly quitted me; I called her, but it was in vain. My heart beat violently. I heard opening and shutting of doors, and some one walking hastily. The waiting maid returned quite out of breath, saying, Here is the Countess. I flew towards the door, extending my arms, and found myself opposite to a young lady elegantly attired, whom I had never seen. I drew back two steps, and remained motionless. I then said, But where is the Countess d'Harfeld? I am the Countess, Sir, said the young lady. You, good heavens! cried I—and Clara? Yes, it is I who am Clara. At these words I fell in a chair, and shed a torrent of tears. The Countess appeared asto-

nished. I explained to her in few words my mistake; she informed me in her turn that she had met Adelaïde, and passed five months with her in Holland, that they were united with each other in the most tender friendship, but that, being separated in the month of October, 1794, they had not kept up their correspondence, so that the Countess was as ignorant, as ourselves, of the name of Adelaïde's place of abode. However she told me she had expressed to her a desire of going to England, and it was certainly there heaven had conducted her. I was inexpressibly eager to return to our inn, to inform Lord Selby of all this. I returned thither, and flew to his room: I threw myself on his neck, crying, Clara, the Countess d'Harfeld, is not Adelaïde; my sister is not married! On saying these words, I wept, but without bitterness; at that moment I felt nothing but joy. He was so affected he could not speak... he sat down ... he was pale ... (he always looks pale when he is affected.) I quickly informed him of all the Countess had just

told me. He clasped my hands, rose up, took two or three turns in the room, returned and seated himself near me, and again clasping my hands, Edward, said he, since yesterday you have acquired another claim on my heart. He stopped, and had tears in his eyes; as for myself I still wept, and embraced him. At length, resumed he, we have later news of her by six months, that is something; she was perfectly well. It is likely she may be in England, I must return there soon. We shall find her, my dear Edward! This evening was delightful to me, dear Augustus, notwithstanding the chagrin I felt in not seeing my sister, I was so pleased she was not married! Besides, Lord Selby never shewed me so much friendship before. To-day we have been together to see the Countess; we spoke only of Adelaïde; the Countess related a thousand charming traits of her, and Lord Selby listened to her with great pleasure. We set off for Copenhagen in four days. I have still a million of things to tell you. You shall have all the par-

ticulars in my next letter. Excuse the disorder of this; I never experienced so much agitation.

LETTER XVIII.

From the same to the same.

Copenhagen, January 26, 1796.

LORD SELBY cannot leave this place in less time than a month. But he wrote to his mother on the 13th about my sister, by an excellent opportunity. A Swedish gentleman, who sets off for London, takes charge of his letter: he passes through Hamburgh, but he protested he should not stop there, and that he should go immediately to England. Besides, an Englishman of our acquaintance sets off to-morrow for Hamburgh; Lord Selby has charged him with several letters; I shall give him this, which he has promised me to forward to you by a good opportunity. I am going to resume the particulars of what I announced to you. The Countess d'Harfeld is a charming young person, a little older than my sister, being fifteen

years and ten months. It was to please us that the Swedish gentleman told us there was a family likeness between her and me, but I do not see the least resemblance to myself. She does not resemble Adelaïde in any thing, except that she has like her a fine complexion, beautiful eyes, a small nose, good teeth, although not so regular, beautiful hair, and nearly the same colour. She is very pretty, but Adelaïde has more grace, and features more expressive; and then Clara is rather too large and too fat for her age. Her history is singular. She is the daughter of the Marquis d'R*** who has acted a part in the revolution, and is a patriot. Notwithstanding that, he was imprisoned in Robespierre's reign, with his wife and eldest daughter who was just married, whom my aunt and mother knew, and whose name is Alphonsine de M***. The Countess has a younger brother who is just my age. They sequestrated Mr. de R***'s property, a friend took charge of his son, Clara remained in a farm with a governess. Mr. and Mrs. de R***

were in prison together in a town in Picardy, and separated from their eldest daughter, who was confined at Paris. The latter learnt that her father and mother were to be transferred to Paris, which always presaged a sentence of death. She found means to send them a valuable diamond, which she had carried with her to prison, giving them necessary advice to strive to escape; they succeeded, and wishing to carry away Clara, they sent her word to escape from France, and to repair with her governess out of the frontiers to a place they had appointed. The commission was badly comprehended or badly executed: Clara repaired to a different place from that her parents expected. Having some reasons for suspecting they were in Holland, she went there; in this journey, she found herself in a stage coach with my sister, and these two young persons felt for each other the most lively friendship; they went to Amsterdam, and lodged together for five months. However Clara, still seeking for her parents, heard that a house at Oude-

narde was hired by a Frenchman, named like her father, Mr. de R***. As there were several persons of that name, she wrote to ask him if he were her father. The next day, a middle aged woman of decent appearance came in a carriage and four and enquired for Clara, told her she was sent by her father and mother, who were waiting for her at Oudenarde; she added that Madame de R*** did not come to fetch her, because she was ill and in bed. Clara in haste packed up, and bid adieu to my sister: the two young friends wept very much on leaving each other, and Clara entered the carriage with her governess and the stranger. At the end of an hour, they arrived at Oudenarde before a pretty house, situated in a wood. The stranger took Clara out, who, without looking behind her, hurried towards the house, the door of which opened and closed upon her. She then stopped, and not seeing her father, began to relent; at that moment she distinctly heard her governess scream out two or three times. Clara frightened drew back

to the door, but a maid servant and an old domestic appearing took her by the arms, and notwithstanding her resistance, dragged her to a parlour. Poor Clara, more dead than alive, and ready to faint, fell on a sofa. La Fleur, said the maid servant in French to the old domestic, you may go and wait your master's return. But double lock the door; if I want you, I will ring. At these words the domestic went out, and Clara, melting into tears, exclaimed, What means all this? where is mamma? where is my father? what is become of my governess? Oh Miss, said the maid, you will meet no more jacobins, you must not think of it; and you ought to thank God. Clara still repeated, Where is mamma? where is my governess? and the servant plainly told her she would never see them again. You may judge of this young person's terror and despair. It was in vain to question the servant; she constantly answered, When my master comes home, he will tell you all. She passed thus three hours; at length some one knocked at

the door; the servant exclaimed, There is my master. Clara shuddered. A moment after she heard in the antichamber a man's gruff voice, who bluntly said, Where is this little girl? They answered, she was in the parlour. Well, replied the gruff voice, bring her into my room, where I am going to pull off my boots and to bed. At these words, Clara, screaming very loud, clung to the sofa, declaring nothing should tear her from it; but the old domestic re-entered. At sight of him Clara fainted. On recovering, she found herself on the same sofa, and she saw by the side of her an old man of a severe look, and whose figure was not wholly unknown to her; she looked at him with astonishment, but less terror. Well, said he, do you recollect me? Four years absence has perhaps effaced me from your recollection; I am the Viscount de R***, your grandfather. This declaration re-assured her from a horrible fear; notwithstanding she was much afflicted at finding herself in the power of this old man, who, an enthusiastic royalist, had

since the revolution conceived the most violent hatred against his son, who was engaged in the opposite party. She answered him with respect, but expressed her regret at not meeting her father, and a desire to go and join him. The old man frowned, and looking at her with eyes inflamed with anger, Never speak to me, said he, of that infamous villain, or of his wife, who is no better than himself. I have taken you from their hands, that you may escape the corruption which surrounds them. You will never see them again as long as you live, they are nothing more to you; forget them, and justify the charitable kindness which induces me to take charge of you, by resuming sentiments conformable to your birth. After this speech, he went out without waiting for an answer. Clara, justly indignant at hearing her father and mother thus spoken of, gave herself up to the most poignant grief. But determining to escape and seek her parents, she chose to dissimulate; she kept a profound silence, and appeared to submit to her fate. Four

days after, Mr. de R*** departed precipitately with Clara, and went to Bremen. He left the person who had taken Clara off, and only took the maid servant and the old domestic. Clara, conducting herself with extreme mildness, was much less watched. She had been a fortnight at Bremen, when one morning as the old man was just gone out, the servant told her a ribbon merchant enquired if she would buy something. Clara refused; the servant went to tell her so, and returned with a card, saying, it was the merchant's address. Clara reading the address was struck with these words, *Madame Roussel from Amsterdam, ribbon merchant.* Roussel was the name of my sister's governess, but Clara roognized the writing of hers. She comprehended that the name of the latter being known to the old man, this woman did not dare to take it, and had chosen one which must naturally excite Clara's curiosity. The merchant under some plausible pretence was recalled; she was in short Clara's governess, who the morning of her being

carried away was retained by force in the carriage at the time Clara left it, was taken back to Amsterdam without the power of applying to justice for this violence, as the ravisher was the grandfather of the young lady. This woman, who, they say, has great sense, discovered that the old man was going to Bremen; she followed him there, and introduced herself to Clara as I have just mentioned. They planned their flight, which took place a few days after. The governess retained the name of Roussel; Clara at first took that of Adelaide, but soon after quitted it, recollecting that my sister's parents were without doubt seeking her, and her name, together with that of Roussel, might lead them into error. That is the reason we heard at Hamburgh that she had arrived with the name of Adelaide, and departed with that of Clara. Emily was her real name; it was her interest to conceal it, to escape the pursuit of her grandfather, and not to risk falling in his hands. And these are the precautions which produced the singular similarity which deceived us.

Clara, flying from her grandfather, and seeking her father, reached Denmark, and became acquainted with the Countess of Klingsbourg, who took her under her protection, and carried her to Stockholm, where the happy Clara found her father and mother. The Count d'Harfeld, touched with the virtues, modesty, and accomplishments of Clara, became in love with her, and the Countess de Klingsbourg even engaged him to marry her. Some time before her marriage, Alphonsine, Clara's eldest sister, arrived at Stockholm, and had the pleasure to assist at her nuptials. Clara, knowing that her grandfather is still at Bremen, and in indigence, hastened to send him a considerable sum of money, with a most respectful and tender letter. In fact Mr. and Mrs. de R*** have obtained their recall; on returning to France, they will pass through Bremen, to call on the old Viscount de R***, and endeavour to reconcile him with them; but whether the old man be appeased or not, you may be assured his son will ensure him a pension,

that may procure him what is requisite at his age. Here is the history of that interesting family, every individual of which is amiable and virtuous, with the exception however of the grandfather, for he can be neither good or amiable, who is so full of hatred and revenge. You may believe we have made every possible enquiry of my sister from Clara. She told us she was small of her age, that her figure is so slender and her face so delicate, that she has the appearance of a child; but that she looks very fresh, and is as pretty as an angel; that she speaks unceasingly of my father, mother, me, and all of us, and always with extreme commiseration; however she was not sad, because she had confided to Clara as a great secret that she was not uneasy about us, and that she was sure of rejoining my father and mother in a few months, but that she could not explain further in regard to that, having given her word of honour not to speak on that subject. This is extraordinary, and absolutely inexplicable. Another thing which very much

surprised me was, that Clara told me she was certain Mrs. Roussel often ill-treated my sister, although the latter would never allow it, and behaved to Madame Roussel with the greatest submission. Clara added, that this woman was haughty, whimsical, imperious, discontented, and seldom talked. Do you recognize Madame Roussel by this description? she who was so good, so reasonable, and whose disposition was so lively and equal! She has been in my grandmamma's service five and twenty years, and had her entire confidence. I still flatter myself that Clara, for some frivolous reason, has taken unjustly an aversion to her; notwithstanding Clara appeared to be extremely sincere, and this account gave me great pain. Moreover, Adelaïde is employed all day, in cultivating her talents; she writes, plays on the harp, and paints. She has painted in water colours, and in a charming manner, her own head in profile, which she has given to Clara[8]. I had great desire

[8] It is very easy to paint one's own profile with two looking glasses, &c.

for this portrait, which Lord Selby does nothing but admire; but the Countess would not make me the sacrifice. The day before my departure from Stockholm, she had had placed on the table where we had just taken tea, the little vase which contained the bouquet of white roses, of which my sister had made her a present. Adelaide, said she, on giving me these roses of her making, made me promise, that if I married, I should wear this bouquet on my wedding day. I have kept my word; I could wish that these flowers, which are so dear to me for many reasons, should also serve to deck my friend in the most interesting moments of her life. On saying this, Clara cut a branch of roses, which she begged me to take and send to my sister with the condition she imposed; she added to that a pretty little gold chain, which Adelaïde will be requested to fasten on her arm the day of her marriage, never to be taken off, according to the custom which is observed in Denmark, instead of giving a ring. At night on entering our inn, I told Lord Selby I was afraid I

should break or lose the branch of roses and the gold chain, and begged him to lay them up, and keep them till we found Adelaïde. Adieu, my friend. I know you shew my letters to my cousin, and I think with pleasure that these particulars will interest her. My father told me in his last letter he knew by Mr. Duplessis that she is much grown, and that she plays in a superior style on the piano. Oh, when shall I see and hear her!

LETTER XIX.

Lady Elizabeth to her son Lord Arthur Selby.

London, January 22.

My head is full of this child of whom I spoke to you in my last letter. I have seen her to-day for the first time, this charming little Cordelia; she is a sweet bewitching creature, and beautiful as the day. She is not so young as they told me, notwithstanding her appearance is too infantine for me to suppose her to be your *interesting fugitive.* Figure to your-

self that this poor child has lost her aunt since her emigration, who was her protectress and only support; she is left quite alone, and conducts herself with an admirable prudence for her years. She has placed herself in lodgings with very civil people, seldom goes out, and lives by her talents, which are really surprising. She gives lessons to grown up ladies, and always at her lodgings. She plays in a superior style on the harp, but constantly refuses to join in a concert: in short, she is an angel in every respect. She inspired me with such an interest for her, that I have determined on taking her to my house, and adopt her, if I find her mind and soul answer to the opinions her conduct and angelic looks have given me of her. Dear Arthur, you will then have a sister, who will be very dangerous in two or three years! Well, if she has genius, and is good and sensible, do you believe me capable of sacrificing your happiness to the prejudices of birth? I think on this point with Voltaire:

L'homme de bien, modeste avec courage,
Et la beauté spirituelle et sage,
Sans biens, sans nom, sans tous ces titres vains,
Sont à mes yeux les prèmiers des humains.

While we live in society, there are without doubt proprieties we are not permitted to despise; we cannot offend without a want of delicacy. I know there are professions justly disgraced by the manners of those who exercise them, but no man can debase himself by marrying a young person who has always lived in retirement and voluntary obscurity. Whatever may be the situation of the modest beauty who seeks to hide herself from every observation, she will honour him who receives her hand. I cannot yet tell who heaven may destine to be my daughter-in-law, but may I have one who resembles my Cordelia! I shall take this child to my house, as soon as I am released from the trouble of our wedding. We shall not go into Devonshire; the marriage ceremony will still be performed in my house, but only forty-eight miles from London, at my seat of ***. I set

off early to-morrow morning, and shall be absent only a fortnight: during this time, the apartments I intend for Cordelia in London will be put in order. I can only speak to you of this child: my head is really full of her, so much so, that I am grieved in not being able to take her immediately with me. But this country house is not large, and I shall have more people there than it will contain; and then during this fortnight, I shall be solely occupied with the new married folks and my sister-in-law, who is more out of humour than ever just now, and that is surely saying a great deal. I have not at present announced to her my intention of taking this charming orphan under my care; I am certain beforehand she will think it a silly action.

I wrote you a long letter the 12th of November, and you have not yet answered it. But the winds have been contrary for so long a time, that I imagine you cannot have received them till six weeks or two months after date. Thus I may not probably receive the answers till my re-

turn. Adieu, my Arthur, I flatter myself I shall have the happiness to see you this spring; you alone can know how happy I shall then be.

LETTER XX.

Lord Selby's answer to his mother.

Copenhagen, February 13.

My mother,

I HAVE this instant received your last letter, and it causes me inexpressible emotion. This time I think I am not deceived: the Cordelia you describe so well is certainly Miss d'Armilly! You have surely now received several letters from me which have explained to you the motives for the extreme interest I take in this unfortunate young person. I cannot leave this place for a month, I must conclude the business I am charged with; but Cordelia is with you, and I am easy. Oh, my mother I love her; it is her whom I seek, it is her my heart has fixed on, although I have never seen her; but I know her so well! Cordelia plays in a superior st-l-

on the harp, she is prudent, and fourteen years of age; it is Adelaïde! Cordelia has an angelic figure, and conceals it: it is Adelaïde! Chance cannot have formed such resemblances, and nature cannot produce two beings perfect and alike! Adelaïde has already related to you her history; you know her, you will approve my choice; oh, conceive my happiness! I do not urge you to write to me quickly; I know that is done. I expect every moment a letter from you, the first words of that letter will be these, *Miss d'Armilly is in my arms!* Oh adorable Providence! after so many mistakes, I have no doubt, Cordelia is Adelaïde, I am certain! Adelaïde is in your arms! However, I shall do right to conceal it from my young friend; I shall not acquaint him of it till I have acquired the certainty; when I receive the letter I expect, I will shew it to him, and write to her parents. What will be the joy of this interesting and virtuous family, and what will be my happiness! Adieu, my tender mother, adieu; I am not in a state to ... long letter!

LETTER XXI.

The Chevalier d'Iselin to Madam de Blimont.

Basil, February 28, 1796.

I HAVE, Madam, some good news to acquaint you with; it is that I am almost certain of obtaining, with my recal, Madam de Lurcé's. I negociate without her knowledge. When the business is concluded, I will inform her of it; she will do as she pleases. I own to you, that without her I should have no pleasure in returning to France:

La patrie est aux lieux où l'âme est enchaînée[h],

and my mind is chained to the spot our friend inhabits. It is a declaration I dare not make to her, for I am far from hoping she will be sensible to it. I do not think I ought to call the sentiment she inspires me with *love;* she is thirty-five years of age, and I am forty; at our years a strong attachment resembles friendship more than love, but it is more solid. It

[h] Voltaire.

is singular that I have passed all my youth with her without ever being in love, although she always appeared to me charming, and she had then more of the bloom and freshness of youth. But she was neither a widow or a coquet; one must always have a little hope to place an unreserved confidence in love, and the most beautiful of women will never inspire more than esteem and admiration, if she is really virtuous. We must likewise allow that Madam de Laroc has shewn since our emigration qualities and a force of character which one should never have discovered in her without our misfortunes. How is it possible not to attach one's self to a person so resigned and so amiable in misfortune, to a person that nothing can afflict or discourage, that nothing can irritate, and who, peaceable and lively in the midst of misfortune, feels only for the troubles of others?

You ask me, Madam, if it be possible I can become a *republican?* Alas! I must, since I solicit my recal to France. Every system ought to be annihilated before

probity. As soon as I have decided on soliciting the title of *citizen* of a republic, if they grant me this favour, I shall for ever make the sacrifice of my political opinions, and as soon as I shall have put my foot on the French territory, I shall be the most quiet and the most faithful of all the republicans, seeing that they will not render me my estates, riches, and country but on this condition. Never to deceive, shall be always the rule of my conduct and of my life. This principle is very plain, but it suffices for all.

Yes, Madam, Mr. de S*** is still at Bremen; his son, the amiable Donatien of whom I have said so much to you, has just obtained at fifteen years of age an employment which procures his father a genteel subsistence. This young man, a model of filial piety, is become a prodigy in information for his age, solely by the desire to repay his father's cares, and in the hope of being useful to him. His father wrote to me lately, " You see Do-" natien placed in a situation; it is he

who now supports me, and who is at the same time my happiness and glory[1]."

Ah! if there is on earth a glory that is not vain, it is that we receive from objects of our affections, and above all from our children.

Adieu, Madam; if it is still your intention to come here at the end of next month, give me your orders and commissions, and rely on the zeal of the man who in the world is the most devoted to you.

LETTER XXII.

Lady Elizabeth to her son Lord Arthur Selby.

London, February 14, 1796.

IT would be impossible, my dear son, for me to describe the chagrin I feel, you can only judge of it by your own! Alas! Cordelia is Adelaïde d'Armilly. By an inconceivable fatality, the two letters, which would perhaps have made me sus-

[1] I have read that letter, and transcribe the phrase from it.

pect it, have not yet reached me. I have received, it is true, a letter dated Copenhagen, 13th of January, in which you repeated all that was written in the letters which are lost. But the Swedish gentleman, whom you charged with this last packet, did not arrive in London till the second of February, and it was not in time! The unfortunate Adelaïde, deceived by her candour and a monster, left London the twenty-fourth of January; she is embarked for Portugal to seek her parents! Oh, why did I not take her with me! On leaving, she left a packet for me, containing a copy of her journal and a letter. I send the whole to you: the perusal will distress your feelings! What an angel! and how can I console myself for the circumstance which restores this celestial creature to the power of the most abominable of men! For besides, it is evident from the journal of this unfortunate innocent, that the man is an infamous seducer. I have made enquiries about him, and learn he is in all points the worst of characters. It is also clear he had gained

Adelaide's landlady, but it appears the husband has not had a hand in this execrable plot. I have besides done every thing that could be done, I have discovered the name of the ship in which she is embarked, and send you this account. I have caused letters to be written to Portugal; Adelaide will be sought for. Will not heaven watch over this interesting child! Adieu, I am too much afflicted to be able to tell you more. What could I add, I know you feel as I do? But it is a consolation to me to think, at least, that your regrets are only from imagination; mine comes from the heart. I have seen her! Adieu, I am really inconsolable.

LETTER XXIII.

Adelaide d'Armilly to Lady Elizabeth.

London, January 23, Evening.

Madam,

IT is my duty to inform you of the sacred motives which prevent my benefitting by your kindness. I feel that I should be

very happy under your protection, and shall never forget your generous offers; and the only proof I can give you of my gratitude is by confiding all my secrets to you; which is the reason I beg you to accept a copy of my journal, I had destined for my eldest brother; but I will write him another. You will, Madam, perceive by that, my real name is not Cordelia, but Adelaïde d'Armilly. After many cross accidents and uneasiness, I have at last discovered that my parents are positively in Portugal, and it is impossible for them to come to England; so I ought to go and seek them without delay. The most respected and generous of men, Mr. Godwin, has undertaken to conduct me; he sets off to-morrow with his wife; I hasten to benefit by so good an opportunity of making this voyage with as much propriety as safety.

I shall ever remember, Madam, the affectionate kindness you have deigned to shew me; I was so affected, that I should have immediately confided to you

my secrets, if I had then been permitted; but you will see by my journal I could not.

I am with respect, and the most tender and lively gratitude,

Madam,

Your very humble, &c.

ADELAÏDE D'ARMILLY.

ADELAIDE D'ARMILLY's JOURNAL.

Romeval, April 15, 1794.

MRS. ROUSSEL and myself are much alarmed, because we know that the Commissary Brutus le Boucher will pass through this village to-morrow, and will certainly come to the castle. They say he is a very wicked man. It is terrible to be obliged to receive such a monster! This news has thrown us into consternation!

26th.

I am still agitated, for the citizen Brutus is just gone from hence. Here is what has passed. Our good farmer came

in haste to apprise us that this terrible commissary had entered the avenue. Upon which I wished to conceal myself, but the farmer and Mrs. Roussel said I must not. So I descended with Mrs. Roussel into the parlour; I trembled like a leaf, and so did Mrs. Roussel. The citizen Brutus was on the staircase, and we already heard his voice; he has a voice of thunder, and his figure is still more frightful. He is as tall as a giant, I am certain he is six or seven feet high, and enormously fat. His face is as red as scarlet; he has black eye-brows so thick, that his eyes are half hid; but his conversation is worse than all that, and I cannot write all the expressions he made use of, because they are too vulgar. On perceiving me, he easily saw my terror, for I was as pale as death, and this observation made this disagreeable man laugh. He seated himself in an arm chair, and very familiarly called me to him; as I remained motionless, he arose, and taking me by the hand dragged me, reseated himself in the arm chair, and would

oblige me to sit on his knee. This insolence gave me courage; I struggled, and had the good fortune to escape from his unworthy hands; by this movement, my muslin frock, having caught to the spur of his boot, was completely torn, and I fell on a chair a little distance from him. He scolded Mrs. Roussel, telling her, she brought me up an *Aristocrat*, and a thousand other ridiculous and rude things. They brought in wine, cyder, and fruits. Mrs. Roussel made me a sign, and I poured out a glass of wine, which I placed on the table, inviting him to drink. The table was between him and me. The odious creature smiled at me. I never saw such a wicked smile! He drank, eat, and then called for brandy. In the midst of all this, he asked a thousand questions about me of the Romeval estate, and of my revenue, and suddenly addressing me, wished to know my age. I shall be thirteen in nineteen days, but I simply answered I was twelve. Oh how I was distressed at what he afterwards said! Twelve years, he repeated; but one can

marry at twelve years! It is well to know that! Good heavens, what would he say! We are still frightened! He stayed two hours, and on leaving said he would come again, which drove us to despair.

28th.

A good day. Mamma would have been satisfied if I had had the happiness to have spent it under her care. I finished the baby linen I had been making for a poor woman just confined, and went to carry it to her. On returning, I entered the cottage of the good old Jerome, who is ill; I had a book of the Gospels in my pocket, out of which I read two chapters to him; his wife and daughters were present. It consoled these good people, who did not know how to read, and who had no longer churches or priests; but I gave them these lectures in secret, to avoid persecution. This duty of Christian charity is dearer to me, when I think there is danger in performing it. I entered the castle, and did not lose a moment in the whole day. I read the history of France,

knit stockings for the poor, took my drawings, sang and played on the harp, said my prayers, and then wrote this journal.

30th.

I have been witness to-day to an afflicting scene. I have seen the venerable Jerome die, and it was me who instructed him to die. Just as I was leaving table at one o'clock, Nanette all in tears came to tell me her grandfather was very ill, and wished me to talk to him of God and of dying, and to read something to him. It made me shudder; I looked at Mrs. Roussel, who said, Go, my child; since these good people notwithstanding your youth honour you with such confidence, go and assist them, and I will join you there. Jerome's cottage is close to the castle. I took my prayer book and went with Nanette, who told me by the way it was impossible to have the surgeon, who was gone three leagues off; but that he declared the night before nothing more could be done. When the good Jerome saw

me, he was quite rejoiced and wished to speak with me privately, which made my heart beat violently. He then told me he was greatly troubled to die thus without a confessor. You, my dear Miss, added he, (these were his own words,) tell me, shall I risk nothing by appearing before God without having received absolution? No, no, my good Jerome, said I to him, God is just, and will not punish you for the impiety of the wicked; it is not your fault if you do not fulfil the duties of a Christian; you wish it, and that is enough. I told him many other things, which made him so easy, that he cried with joy; I was much affected likewise, but too much distressed to weep, a sad remembrance tore my heart! His wife and daughters entered: I knelt down, and repeated some prayers. At the end of a quarter of an hour he asked for a crucifix. Alas! said his wife, you know that the volunteers in searching our house found it, and took it away. The rascals! cried he.—Ah! father, said I, refrain from cursing; know that our Saviour in dying

prayed for his murderers! Well, said he, I forgive them, and may the Almighty have mercy on them. But, my dear Miss, promise me, that when you can you will have mass said for the repose of my soul. I promised him. At the same time, I unfastened my little cross of rubies which mamma gave me, and which I shall never part with, and put it into his hands, telling him it had been consecrated, which was true; he took it with extreme respect and satisfaction, assuring me, I gave him as much consolation as he could have received from our good Curate, whom they have banished, and who was such a holy man. I again began to repeat some prayers, the women said, Amen. Suddenly, this virtuous old man interrupted me. Before quitting this world, said he, I will bless you! That word made me start! Good heavens! What a moment it recalled to my mind! Just and venerable man, said I, I receive your benediction with respect, but pray to the Almighty, that he will restore me my parents. He then joined his hands, made aloud the prayer I wished

him with such touching fervour, that I burst into tears. Some minutes after his head was affected. Mrs. Roussel came, she wished to take me away, but I begged she would let me remain till it was all over. At five o'clock, this respectable old man breathed softly his last sigh. I was so distressed that I did not know where I was, and forgot to take my little cross of rubies. Nanette has just brought it to me. I did not imagine this little cross could have become more precious to me; but it will be still dearer if possible, since it has served to console an honest man in his last moments!

May 14.

Great God, what is our terror! What can we do, what will become of us? This dreadful citizen Brutus is returned this morning with his son, a young man as wicked as himself. Oh, my father! Oh, my dear mother! Where are you? Alas, I know not! Your unhappy child cannot consult you! I have not even time to write to my aunt to ask her advice. It is

on the sixteenth, the day after to-morrow, that this tyrant will carry me to * * *, there in a national fete to represent the infamous personage of *la Raison!* but that is not all! I will relate it in order if I can.

This morning at nine o'clock the commissary Brutus arrived with his son. I was in the park with Madame Roussel, when I saw them suddenly appear at the winding of a walk! This worthless Brutus advanced towards me, calling me *his little citizen*, and at the same time he had the impertinence to give me a pat on the neck. I cannot express what I felt on finding his great hand on my neck, that horrible hand which had signed so many death warrants! He turned towards his son, saying, Well, Pelopidas, what do you think of her? Pelopidas answered, that I had a *pretty face*, and the insolent creature wished to salute me; but I immediately began to run with all my strength without looking behind me, and as I ran fast he could not overtake me; because he is as large as his father, and also had boots on. Arrived at the castle, I quickly shut myself in my room,

and double locked the door. In three quarters of an hour, Madame Roussel knocked at my door, and told me I must come down, and she would answer for it that they would do nothing to offend me. I obeyed with great reluctance. On leaving my room, I was struck with the extreme paleness of Madame Roussel, she could with difficulty support herself; and on repeating to me I had nothing to fear, she stammered, and her lips trembled terribly. Good heavens, what is the matter? said I.—You will know all, she answered; but let us go down, for I protest to you for the present you have nothing to fear. We then entered the parlour, where the two odious creatures were taking coffee and brandy. They laughed a great deal on seeing me again. But the citizen Brutus immediately affecting a serious air, Come without fear, my little one, said he, we have no design upon you, for a young girl should be wild and modest; we must have morals in a republic, that is certain; we must have morals. On finishing this sentence, he poured out a large

glass of brandy, and then repeated, *We must have morals, and strict morals.* Pelopidas, give the young citizen a cup of coffee. I received the cup with a curtsey, and the monster Pelopidas with a frightful oath said I had *very pretty little white hands.* Gently, gently, replied his father, do not frighten her. Citizen, continued he, my Pelopidas is not a *dainty one,* he is not an *unlucky one,* a *flustering coxcomb, at the toilet* a *Mirliflore* like yours *hitherto;* but he is a *jolly fellow,* a *true Republican,* a *merry one,* I will answer for it. I repeat correctly all these strange things, to give a just idea of these disagreeable people, and that my dear parents may know that we were not frightened without reason, or lightly. After having eat and drank a great deal, the citizen Brutus conversed thus: You must know, citizen, that your situation is very *ticklish;* daughters of emigrants, related to detained and suspected persons, and in fact of the last race, all which exposes you to terrible events, and you cannot avoid such great dangers but by marrying

a *sansculotte.* I will take you under my protection, I can do any thing in this department, and will undertake to find you a husband. I need not go far for that, added he, giving a significant look towards the citizen Pelopidas, who answered him with the most frightful smile. But, continued he, still addressing me, you must in the first place become popular, and for that reason I wish you to perform *la Raison* at *** in the national fete which will be celebrated on the sixteenth. You will be placed on a triumphal car, we will adorn you magnificently, you will be as pretty as a *little jewel*, and you will receive the homage of the people. The town is but three leagues from hence, I will come on the sixteenth *instant*, that is to say, the day after to-morrow, and take you in *my equipage.* Pelopidas will be with me, I shall serve for your *papa*; you must accustom yourself to that, do you hear, my little one? Adieu, I shall arrive on the sixteenth at ten o'clock. Citizen Roussel, let the little one be ready and *in good trim*, I will not wait a minute. Citizen Roussel

you know what I have told you, do not forget it. On pronouncing these last words in a severe tone, he arose, and went out, together with the citizen Pelopidas. I was so frozen with terror, that I could not answer a word, and even after their departure, I remained for sometime like a statue, without being able to articulate a syllable. Madame Roussel was the first to speak: O God! she cried, come to our assistance. My dear governess, said I, what wicked men! Oh, my child! replied Madame Roussel, you do not yet know all our misfortunes; believe me, this miscreant told me, that if you did not determine to present yourself in public at this impious fete, and besides to marry his son, he will have me guillotined on the seventeenth, and put you in the hospital! These words made my hair stand on end, and I still shudder in writing them! Madame Roussel cried, was agitated, went out, returned, and could resolve on nothing: at length I said to her, My dear governess, it would be a thousand times better to die, than submit to such infamy.—Yes, yes, replied

she, we had better die. I consent willingly to be guillotined; but I cannot suffer you to be taken to the hospital.—But, my dear governess, let us save ourselves; we will go and rejoin my parents!—How can we save ourselves? I cannot confide in any of the domestics, they are all new.—The farmer is very civil! let us relate all to him.—He would not emigrate.—He will furnish us with the means of escaping.—He will fear being exposed.—We will promise him secresy.

In fact, we have spoken to the farmer, that is, I did, for Madame Roussel could do nothing but cry. The farmer is good, but he is fearful; however he will save us, and conduct us himself to-night five leagues. We shall be well disguised. As the farmer will say we escaped without his knowledge, he will not take charge of any letters, or commission. I shall leave a note open on my table, but I cannot say any thing interesting in it. We can only carry a large portmanteau, a small china vase which came from my dear Edward, my jewels, my writing desk, and my box

of colours. The farmer has made us promise that we will not write to him, or speak of him. He has resigned me seventy louis, which he has an opportunity of repaying himself, and I had sixty-six besides. Madam Roussel takes forty-five of hers. But we cannot take my harp, which I regret very much! Our little parcels are ready, it is eight o'clock in the evening. We shall set off at midnight! . . . .

The same day, ten o'clock at night.

I am quite easy: this is the reason. There was three hundred steps from the castle, close to the church-yard, a little stone column with a niche, in which was an image of the holy Virgin, to which all the young girls of the village and even from the environs paid great devotion. From time immemorial, it was a custom to place in the niche a vase filled with natural white roses in the summer, and artificial ones in the winter. They say it was founded by one of our ancestors, who before her marriage seeing her mother ex-

tremely ill, made this vow, and after the recovery of her mother erected this column. From my infancy, I have been accustomed to put flowers in this vase, and was very fond of this little chapel, which the commissaries have destroyed. But in the place of this column, I myself transplanted a beautiful white rose tree; we carried there some mould, I went and watered it every morning and evening, made every day a little prayer there, and this rose tree has been so well attended, that it is now nearly in full blossom. A quarter past eight, while Madam Roussel was locked in my room packing and unpacking the portmanteau for the fourth time, I descended into the yard, and called Jennette, who had no suspicion of our intended departure, for no one is in the secret but the farmer.

Jennette, said I, before I go to bed I wish to repeat a little prayer at the white rose tree. It did not surprise her; only she thought it rather late, and as she was afraid to pass the church-yard, we were followed by the gardener, who is a good old man, and very pious. The night is

beautiful, I never saw the stars so brilliant; they inspire devotion, and while we look attentively at them, it appears as if God spoke to our souls! When we were near the rose tree, we all three knelt down, and repeated in a low voice the Litany of the holy Virgin. Afterwards I repeated heartily a private prayer, that God would bless our flight, and reunite me to my family. And then rising, I cut off a branch of the rose tree, which I wished to carry with me. On leaving the rose tree, I thought I should never attend it again, which gave me pain. I turned my head to look at it once more, but could no longer distinguish it. At the end of the avenue, Listen, said I, to the gardener and Jennette, I confide to you that my governess will no longer allow me to cultivate this rose tree, but promise me both of you that you will take care of it, and that you will every day put up a prayer there. They promised me, and I gave a louis to the gardener. As for Jennette, I took her to my closet, and gave her two muslin aprons, and several more

little articles. After that I told her to go to bed, and embraced her; I was sad, for I shall never see her again, and Jennette is such a good girl. Since I returned from the rose tree, I am calm, and feel happy forebodings.

Three quarters past eleven.

They have been all asleep sometime in the castle, except my governess, the farmer, and myself... all is ready.... I have my little cross of rubies in my bosom, and hold the branch of white roses. I fly from impiety and ignominy; I am going to seek my parents, and depart with courage and confidence. Oh, my God, guide me, and protect my aunt, her children, and our friends who cannot escape!

Liege, May 21.

At length we have discovered the Curate's niece, who has positively told us her uncle had confided to her that mamma is in England[a]. So we shall set off for

[a] It will be perceived, that the Curate, fearing the known indiscretion of his niece, had placed this false confidence in her to keep the truth more secret.

Holland, where we shall pass on to England. What, in three weeks, I shall perhaps be in the arms of my papa, and mamma! I shall again see my brothers and sisters! happy Adelaïde!

Amsterdam, June 2.

...Emily is charming: I love her with all my heart[b].... We have just heard that an unfortunate emigrant, who has been in the next house for two days, is very ill, and in great distress. They say he is an old man, who is at least sixty years old. I shall go to see him this evening with my governess.

The same day, nine o'clock in the evening.

What a meeting! and how it has affected me! This emigrant is our good Curate of Romeval! We both wept together, ...I gave him five louis, and my governess added one of her money: that little sum will extricate him from embarrassment, for with it he may purchase

[b] The reader will recollect, that this Emily was Clara, Countess of Harfeld.

a coat, and go to Utrecht, where they have promised him a situation. I begged him to say mass for the repose of the good Jerome: I could not sooner acquit myself of that duty, because my governess, for reasons I am ignorant of, would not let me go out not even to mass. And she has forbidden me to give the least commission to any one, whoever they may be. I availed myself of this opportunity to confess, it was so long since I could do so! One is very easy when one has received absolution, it relieves one from so great a weight!

Amsterdam, June 4.

Emily has received a harp, which she could not bring, and which has been sent to her by the stage. This harp is dear to her, because it came from her sister Alphonsine. Emily is a good musician, she plays wonderfully on the piano, but is not a proficient on the harp. She gives me lessons on the piano, which I return by giving her some on the harp; besides she is so kind as to lend me her harp as much

as I like, which gives me great pleasure. I have arranged in my room a little chapel very pretty. I had a coloured print taken from a picture of Raphael, which represents the holy Virgin and the infant Jesus. I copied it in water colours, and think my little picture which is framed is not bad. Beneath this picture, on a small table, I have placed in memory of the white rose tree at Romeval, a large branch of artificial white roses of my work, and have put this branch in the charming little china vase which was given me by my dear Edward. Every morning on rising, Emily and myself repeat a prayer before this table, which serves us for an altar. Our prayers are alike, as are our sentiments and situations; we ask the same favour of God, that he will restore us to our family.

Amsterdam, July 26.

I have at length had an explanation with my governess, which has made me very happy. I pressed her to tell me why she kept so melancholy a silence with

me, and why we remained so long in Holland, instead of going to England. She answered me, Be easy; I act according to the orders of your parents. Good God! cried I, you have heard from them then? Yes, yes, she replied, you will see them again in three months. I am not allowed to tell you more. It was in vain I urged her, I could obtain nothing more; but is it not enough to make me happy? Madame Roussel is virtue and truth itself, she is incapable of deceit. It will cost her a great deal to keep this secret, and it is that which makes her so melancholy! Alas! how can my parents doubt my discretion, and conceal from me what they confide to my governess! But I ought to obey, and submit without complaint. Is it not enough that I am without uneasiness on their account, (for my governess says they are all in perfect health,) and to know that I shall certainly see them again this year?

Amsterdam, September 2.

Time slides away: if it please God, in six weeks I shall be in the bosom of my family!

Now that I have no uneasiness for myself, I feel more for Emily. How I wish she were happy! she deserves to be so! She has purchased some books, and at this time we are reperusing *les Veillées du Château*. This reading inspires us with much interest for the author. The poor woman is like us wandering and a fugitive; they say she has many enemies, notwithstanding I am very sure she has none among the good mothers of families and young persons: she loves children so much! We find she makes them speak so naturally; she must have well studied them, and have known none but those who are amiable. I have read in one of her works, that in Poland a great Lord had in his garden an island containing a small village, inhabited solely by children. Why does not Madam Genlis seek refuge there? they would surely receive her with open arms; she would there live

happy, and would have no fear of being dismissed. . . . .

Amsterdam, October 4.

My lovely Emily has again found her parents; I partake of her joy most sincerely. She set off this morning; our parting gave me great pain, but she will be happy; this idea ought to console me. She would absolutely leave me her harp as a token of friendship; I wished to give her one in return, she begged my little vase with the white roses; it was a sacrifice to me, this vase coming from so beloved a brother! But Emily's harp was also a present from a beloved sister, so that it was but just to do the same for Emily; I gave her the vase and the roses, and made her promise that if she married, she would wear that bouquet on her wedding day. . . . . .

Amsterdam, October 22.

O God! come to my assistance. How can I relate this frightful event! Since yesterday I have trembled so, that I can

neither draw nor write . . . . my writing is scarcely legible . . . . I will resume this journal to-morrow, I cannot possibly hold my pen. . . .

Amsterdam, October 23.

My dear parents, it was then a mistake . . . I shall not see you again in a few days! Oh, I can only weep, and pray to God. I will write this evening.

Amsterdam, October 24.

I could not write last evening, for I believe I had a fever. I am better this morning. . . Oh mamma! if I still dare flatter myself, I shall some day be able to send you this journal; what will be your terror, on reading this shocking account! . . .

Our landlord died on the 19th of this month; his niece, a young girl of fourteen, who speaks English tolerably well, came up to our apartments; this young girl appears to me uneducated, and is fearful like Jennette, she told me all sorts of histories of apparitions. The next day

she repeated them to me, and told me that the spirit of her uncle *rambled about the house at midnight*, and that having heard a noise she got up, and saw her uncle *in a white shroud, seated at his counter*. She added, the servant had seen him *lighting a pipe*. These follies amused me, I laughed; but, however, on thinking that the corpse was still in the house and exactly under our bed-room; I own it made me a little fearful also. It is very foolish, but I ought to conceal nothing. In the evening I dared not go into our closet without a light, or even alone, and when the wainscotting cracked, I involuntarily shuddered, and, in short, was angry that my governess should extinguish the light on getting into bed. I was ashamed of this childishness, and said nothing of it. My governess and myself slept in the same room.

The 21st we had been in bed nearly an hour. Fear had kept me awake so long; at length I felt inclined to go to sleep, when all at once, I distinctly heard footsteps in the room. I called aloud to my

governess, who never sleeps very soundly; nobody answered. . . . Frozen with terror, I sunk into my bed, covered my head with the sheet, and prayed heartily. . . . At this moment a violent jolt at the foot of my bed made the whole room shake, and at the same time my bed clothes were forcibly drawn off. I cannot tell how it was I did not faint. I preserved my senses, but it appeared as if I had a heavy weight on my stomach, which prevented me from moving or breathing. . . . Then a low hoarse horrible voice said, *Come, come, you must die!* . . . Oh, I believed my last hour was come! . . . But I thought God would receive my soul, this idea gave me strength, I crossed myself, and taking courage, threw myself at the bottom of the bed to kneel down. Scarcely was I there, when I felt my neck pressed by two great hands as cold as ice. . . . I struggled, rose up, and escaped. I heard a frightful noise of tables, furniture upset, then a lamentable scream, after which there was a profound silence! . . . I remained immoveable . . . the silence con-

tinued. . . . I invoked the Holy Virgin, I revived, and thought to gain the door to run away. In the total darkness I was in I took a contrary way, and on going forward, I struck myself against something, and fell on Madam Roussel's bed, which I could not mistake for mine, because it is a tent bed without curtains. I felt the bed; my governess was not there! It caused me to shudder at first, but a moment's reflection made me think that this adventure might be very natural. I imagined my governess had done these strange things in her sleep, like the servant at my aunt's, of whom I had heard such singular things when a child. Although still trembling, I was a little cheered with this idea. Knowing that the room door was but two steps from the little bed, I went to it immediately, and entered my closet, and groped for a candlestick, and then unclosed the door which opened on the staircase where a lamp was burning. I was much pleased on seeing a light again! I lighted the candle, and called a servant who slept near us; she came, and I re-

entered our room with her, where I saw my poor governess undressed, and without sense on the floor. The servant carried her to the bed. I applied some salts, and she opened her eyes. During that time the servant appeared much astonished and frightened; she only spoke Dutch, I could not understand what she said. I dismissed her, and was alone with my governess; I had kept the light, and having drawn on a gown, I came and seated myself by her pillow, and enquired how she found herself; she looked earnestly at me without answering. I renewed my question; then leaning toward me, she said in a whisper, *Mind, we must not speak of this . . . Adelaïde must not know it.* These words, and her extraordinary manner, caused my heart to beat violently . . . . Oh, my dear governess, said I, embracing her, make yourself easy, recover yourself, endeavour to sleep . . . Sleep! she replied, when I am to be guillotined on the seventeenth? . . and the seventeenth is to-morrow! At these words I felt my blood freeze with a new sensation, which was but too well founded!

. . . . My governess resumed the discourse: My sacrifice is completed, said she, but Adelaïde to the hospital! . . . . the barbarians! . . . they have torn her from my arms, and have placed her in the hospital! . . . On finishing this sentence, she began to cry . . . no, I cannot describe what I felt at that moment! . . . . Gratitude and pity deprived me of terror, and I threw myself on her neck, bursting into tears. Oh, my respected friend, cried I, you who supply the place of mother, you my sole support, my only guide, regain your senses, recognize your Adelaïde—Adelaïde! where is she?—She is with you . . . No, I am in prison, Adelaïde in the hospital.—Open your eyes, look at me, I am Adelaïde. These last words calmed her, as if by enchantment. Her fixed look became milder, she resumed another aspect, squeezed my hand, and gazed tenderly on me in silence. At the end of a minute, she said to me, as if she were recovered from a dream, What then has passed?—Nothing, dear governess, replied I; it is late, I am going

to bed.—Good night, said she, in a quiet, calm tone. I arose, took the light in the closet, where I left it burning. I opened the room door, and returned to my bed. I had no longer any fear, but was overwhelmed with grief. She slept calmly the remainder of the night. As for me, I did not close my eyes. The next morning she was nearly as usual, notwithstanding she complained of great weariness, and was more thoughtful than she was accustomed to be, and she appeared to examine me with uneasiness. I had to bear with the foolish questions of that young girl the whole of the day, whom I have spoken of. The servant told every one in the house that the ghost of our landlord, after having overturned all our furniture, endeavoured *to ring* my governess's *neck*; I would not tell the truth, and they are persuaded we have had the most terrible apparition. This day I saw the evening arrive with great trouble! every motion of my governess frightened me. After supper, when we were quite alone, instead of getting to her work, she drew her chair

close to mine, and said to me in a low and stifled voice, I wish, notwithstanding, to know what passed that night? what have I done?—Let us not talk of it, you were not quite well, that was all. . . . Yes, yes, I am ill; my head is turned, my child, leave me, fly from me, I have lost my reason . . . Her sobs interrupted her speech, I threw myself into her arms. Me fly from you, said I to her, shedding a flood of tears, when you have left every thing for me? no, nothing shall separate me from you! Dear child, is it true? you will never abandon me!—This question, which she made in so tender a tone, broke my heart. Oh, my governess, I answered, may I never recover my parents, if I do not attend you with the affection of the most tender daughter.—Generous child! but I know my situation, it is dangerous, it is frightful.—It cannot be for Adelaide.—I have intervals, it is true. . . . I refrained a long time on account of you, but my head is ever burning; I am always wandering; nevertheless I can keep silence.—It is that wicked Brutus, let us think no

more of him. Console yourself, dear governess. You are only nervous, and will soon be cured.—Do you think so?—I am certain of it. This little conversation did her good. The night has passed pretty well, only she talked a great deal in her sleep, which is what has happened incessantly since our emigration, but then she speaks so low and indistinct, that one only hears a murmuring whisper, without being able to distinguish a word.

Amsterdam, October 26.

My poor governess is still in the same state, she has not an instant of perfect reason, but yet she loves me, and her madness is in general mild; as soon as the young girl or servant comes to our apartments she is silent, and no one at present has perceived her malady. Alas, all she said of my parents was but delirium. As she had expressly forbidden my speaking of it again, I dared not ask her any more questions; however, I several times endeavoured in an indirect manner to speak on this subject, but in vain, and

she appeared angry. I had so much confidence in her virtue, prudence, and understanding; my poor grandmamma in her last moments so expressly ordered me to obey her in all things, that nothing can equal my respect for her.

I remarked long before our flight a great change in her temper, but I did not allow myself to reflect on it. She wrote without ceasing, which was a novelty to her; she never shewed me her papers; I believed she was writing to my parents, and told her so one day; she answered, *You have guessed it.* I always carried her my journal, not wishing to write any thing without her knowledge, and she appeared to read it: now I never take it to her, and she never asks me for it.

One thing very grievous is the enormous time we have lost here. I have been so agitated these last few days, that I have not been capable of doing any thing; notwithstanding I must come to a resolution; we must go to England, since the Curate's niece said positively that my mamma was there. Alas! will she still

be there? What will be her uneasiness on my account! I recollect Emily's governess said, that my father, having approved of the revolution, will not pass in his own name in England; how then shall I find him? And myself, can I go in the name of d'Armilly! shall I dare say I am come to seek my father, who has concealed himself there? that might be fatal to him. Great God, what shall I do! Oh! how I regret Emily in every way; she had a governess, I should be placed under her direction, she would advise me! At my age it is pleasant and easy to obey, but how cruelly embarrassing to decide for one's self! Without a protector and without experience, how can I extricate myself from such a situation! if I had not so much confidence in the goodness of God, I should sink under my troubles.

Amsterdam, October 28.

We set off for England, and under feigned names; it is most prudent. I have taken the name of Cordelia; it is in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, a sensible young

person, which is the reason I like the name so much.

London, November 25.

At length we quit this inn to board at an apothecary's, or, as they say here, a chemist's. The people of the inn say he is the most civil man in the world, and very eminent in his situation; he is named Mr. Purvis. He will send me a physician for my governess, and can himself take care of her; they say he is well acquainted with physic. My poor governess has great need of medicine, since she is terribly nervous, as well as the deranged state of her head. On arriving here, I immediately enquired for a physician; but could not have one at present. When one has no servant, and dare not leave the room, situated as I am, one is much to be pitied! Money will fail me soon, and I shall certainly not begin upon my governess's. Since she has not been in a state to keep accounts, our expences are inconceivable, notwithstanding I deny every thing to myself; but I reckon ill,

do not know English coins, and think they have cheated me more than once. As my governess can no longer do any thing, I must learn to wash; for washing is too expensive. I pass here for her niece. I have begged our landlady to procure me some pupils for the harp and drawing, but I will only give lessons at my own rooms. She brought a musician to judge of my talents; he was a man sixty years of age, who plays very well on the organ. He praised me very highly, and offered to arrange a concert by subscription for my benefit, assuring me it would bring me a great deal of money; but I will never consent to exhibit myself thus in public. This musician has promised to procure me a pupil, named *Miss* Thornhill.

London, December 20.

I could not write yesterday, on account of our removing. We are now settled at Mr. Purvis's. We arrived here at nine o'clock yesterday morning. Mr. Purvis is a very worthy man, and Mrs. Purvis a very pious good woman; she is Irish,

and a Catholic. Miss Sarah, their only daughter, nineteen years of age, is not pretty, but she is perfectly mild and good. It is a great happiness to me to be received in this house. They refused me at first, on account of the state my poor governess was in, but I took upon myself to write to Mr. Purvis; my letter was written in very bad English, notwithstanding it affected this good man. I am inclined to think that Mrs. Purvis, alarmed at my governess's malady, sees us here with pain; she treats me coldly, but is very civil, and I hope in time I shall gain her friendship. The board I pay appears very dear to me, and the only lodgings we have is a small room, very gloomy, and a very pretty little study, but which will not conveniently hold more than three or four persons at most.

December 21.

Mr. Purvis has examined my governess, and found her very ill. I told him I would absolutely have the first physici-

in London; he answered, that would be very expensive; but I will spare nothing for her, it is my duty, and I will perform it willingly. I commenced washing yesterday; it is not so difficult as I thought, but I put in too much starch, so that I have spoiled and torn three neck-handkerchiefs. Miss Thornhill is coming to morrow at ten o'clock to take her first lesson on the harp; she gives me *five shillings* a lesson. I feel very reluctant to receive money; still it is living by one's industry, and that is honourable. Besides, I am forced to it. I have only money enough to pay three months for our board, and I am obliged to buy so many drugs for my governess, without reckoning the physician's visits, which must be paid.

December 22.

I am not at all satisfied with my new scholar, Miss Thornhill. She is twenty years old, very plain, and so tall and fat, that she quite filled my study. She entered my apartment holding a bottle of salts to her nose, saying, there was in the whole

house a shocking smell of rhubarb, and that it is strange to lodge at an apothecary's. She was followed by a grumbling waiting woman, and a little boy eight years of age, who was her brother; this child is as ugly as he is ill-educated; he squints frightfully, and as his mouth is naturally aside, and his manners very unpolite, I really thought, when he came towards me, he was making wry faces, but it was his natural face. Miss Thornhill exclaimed against the smallness of my study, saying, *We shall be stifled here!* I proposed to put out the fire; instead of answering me, she begged I would play on the harp, which I did immediately. During this time, the little boy continued making a dreadful noise, laughing at me, pulling my hair, giving me little pats, and a thousand pretty tricks of the same kind. Miss Thornhill laughed a great deal at all these pretty boyish tricks, and did not pay the least attention to me. Before I had finished my Sonata she interrupted me, saying she was going to take her lesson. She placed herself at the harp, and was

attentive enough, but her brother would not leave us quiet a moment; he tormented his sister without ceasing, who then, far from laughing, was so seriously angry with him, that in the end she passionately gave him a box on the ear. The child began to cry, and fell upon Miss Thornhill with fury; he gave her a large scratch on the arm with his nails; Miss Thornhill gave him a second box on the ear; the waiting woman placed herself before him, saying she was going to whip him. As I did not wish to see that, I took refuge in my room, but all was soon tranquil, and they recalled me; Miss Thornhill gave me a sign, assuring me she would never bring her brother again. Thus passed my first lesson. The moment in which I received the money was very disagreeable to me, the more so as Miss Thornhill's manner was extremely haughty. She was just going out, and I was still standing in the same place holding the money, and ready to cry. At length I said, I shall employ this for my governess, so shall look on it without un-

easiness. I have since reflected on this humiliating transaction, and I think it is condemnable, because it can solely proceed from vanity; for one ought only to blush on doing wrong, and surely on this occasion I have done nothing reprehensible. . . . . . .

December 26.

The physician has been to see my governess; he does not think she can recover. All that he told me on that head has caused me so much sorrow, that I have been ill. I have had a fit of the ague. Good God! what will become of us if my health should be disordered! This idea is terrible. I have not been well the last two months, and am become very thin. I require air and a little exercise, but how can I leave my governess! Nevertheless I go out every Sunday with Mrs. Purvis to hear mass, and afterwards take a walk; I have a large hat and veil, which entirely conceals my face. During this time, one of the servants remains with my governess, for which I give her something. But I am uneasy until I return. I

feel that nobody can supply my place near her. Poor woman! her situation is then without hope! Alas! how dear has her attachment to me cost her! She had a pension from my grandmamma; if instead of coming with me, she had retired with her husband, she would not have experienced persecutions or fears, she would have preserved her health and senses; she would then have been happy! I am the cause of all her misfortunes!

London, January 15, 1795.

I am still in the greatest embarrassment with respect to my parents. I know very well through Mr. and Mrs. Purvis the names of French emigrants who are in London, but of what will that avail me, if my father is there under a feigned name? And how can he find me out, since I conceal mine? I have thought more than once that the newspapers might inform me, but my mamma and grandmamma had explicitly forbidden my reading public papers. My grandmamma, two days before her death, repeated this prohibition.

She told me that since the Revolution, the papers were full of impieties, or contained an account of the most abominable things of every kind. I have given my word never to look in these papers.

I have thought of confiding in Mrs. Purvis, who might advise me, and make enquiries; but besides treating me a little coldly, I have remarked that she talks a great deal, and is a little indiscreet, and if an indiscretion should expose my parents!

Mr. Purvis is an excellent man, but he never goes out, is much taken up, and employs himself solely in his profession.

January 27.

Besides my two pupils, Miss Thornhill and Mrs. Maitland, I am going to have another, Miss Dalzel; it is Mrs. Maitland who has procured her for me.

Since three weeks, my scholars have bought of me two cameos, a small picture of flowers, and some needle work; for which I was paid five guineas. With this money I shall buy several things I require to make artificial flowers.

February 4.

Last evening my governess was so ill, that after having put her to bed at seven o'clock, I went down to beg Mr. Purvis would come up for a moment. I entered his shop, which I never did before, and there found a stranger very well dressed, who was talking to Mr. Purvis. I dared not go in, but remained at the door, hoping the stranger would go; he looked at me with surprise, and whispered something to Mr. Purvis, who turned back and called me. I approached with much timidity; the stranger awed me, and I became very timid. I begged Mr. Purvis to come and see my governess, (whom I here called my aunt;) he told me he would follow me. As I was going, the stranger made me a low bow, which I acknowledged, and quickly returned to my room. Mr. Purvis did not come till the end of three quarters of an hour; the stranger was all that time questioning him about me, which made me very uneasy at first. This morning Mrs. Purvis came to enquire after my governess, and she re-

mained a long time with me in my study, which she never did before. She talked to me a great deal of the stranger; his name is Mr. Godwin; he has an immense fortune, of which he makes an admirable use; he is a very virtuous and pious man, and of a respectable age; thus the curiosity he expressed about me was only from his kindness, and ought not to make me uneasy.

February 8.

I am obliged to get a nurse for my poor governess; I have passed the two last nights in watching her; I am very fatigued, and still more afflicted. Thank heaven, I can discharge all the expences she must incur. I have sold my watch, my gold etui, and my star of diamonds.

February 20.

Mrs. Purvis improves upon acquaintance; the trouble she sees me in, and the care I take of my governess, has made her as kind towards me as she was cool before. If this continues, I will confide all my secrets to her.

February 28.

My governess having been better for several days, I have three times taken tea with Mrs. Purvis. The first and second, as I before said, there was only herself and daughter Sarah; but to-day I found Mr. Godwin there, which at first confounded me; however the conversation of this respectable man soon sufficiently interested me to remove my timidity. The cause of his interest for me is singular and affecting; he is married, and has an only daughter of my age, and who resembles me, as he says, like two drops of water. She is in Portugal, (a country where Mr. Godwin has passed twenty years.) This young person is in a convent, with the design of her becoming a nun. Mr. Godwin wishes her not to take the veil before she is twenty years of age; but he is anxious she should persevere; it is, he says, because he is passionately fond of her; he desires it, that he may have nothing to fear in the end from the seductions of the world, and in order to be assured of her eternal happiness. A father

who thinks thus for an only daughter, has certainly great piety, particularly when he has a large fortune. Mr. Godwin has shewn himself so benevolent, that I was greatly affected; he commended me very much for not playing the harp or singing in concerts. He has made me all imaginable offers of his services, and has given me excellent advice. He asked me if I had any French books; I answered that I was absolutely in want of them, having no one to direct me in my reading. He said that a young person could not be too prudent in that respect; he even censured the reading of the most decent novels; he is very strict in every thing, but he is good, and extremely obliging. He told me, without my asking him, that he would send me some books.

March 1.

Mr. Godwin has sent me some books, and the choice he has made proves his piety. These books are, *Bourdaloue's Sermons*, which I only knew from repute; *le Petit Carême de Massillon*, which I had

before read with my grandmamma; and *Young's Night Thoughts* in French, which I did not know at all.

March 3.

I have another pupil, solely from *my reputation*; it is Mrs. Stopford, who called and made enquiries of me this morning. Mrs. Purvis told me that she knew her by name, that she was a genteel young lady, and very rich. I received her; she is not very young, but very agreeable; she sings tolerably well, and wishes to accompany her voice with the harp. I have already given her a lesson.

March 4.

I have at length trusted all to Mrs. Purvis, and the extreme friendship she has shewn me for some time merited this proof of confidence. She has promised me to read all the newspapers, to look over the old ones, to give me an account of them, and to make every possible enquiry besides. This evening she came in our apartment to advise me to confide all

to Mr. Godwin; she begged me to observe, that I might depend entirely on the zeal and services of so good and virtuous a man, and one who may be so useful to me by his friends, correspondents, and by his prudence and understanding. I have thought this advice excellent, and it has been agreed on that Mrs. Purvis shall speak to-morrow to Mr. Godwin, begging of him to keep it an inviolable secret on my account. I may then at last hope to discover where my parents are: how consoling is that idea!

March 5.

The excellent Mr. Godwin has received my secret with the most affecting sensibility; he wishes to speak to me of it; I shall see him this evening at Mrs. Purvis's.

March 6.

I am enchanted with the conversation I have had with Mr. Godwin. This incomparable man has explicitly promised me to discover where my parents are. By a singular good fortune it happen-

that he has a complete collection of all the newspapers printed since the Revolution. He is going to read them all over again. He told me he was certain he had seen the name of d'Armilly several times in the newspapers, that he even positively remembered these articles indicated the place where this family were; he is also certain one of the places mentioned was Spain, but that he did not recollect either the time or the number of the newspaper. He will have to re-peruse all these papers; it is an immense labour, and for several months, if he does not happen to fall on the articles we are looking for. I told him I had learnt in Holland from Emily's governess, who had seen it in a printed journal, that my aunt de Palmène had been released, but that I dared not write for fear it should expose her, and then because I did not know how to put a letter in the post addressed to her, without a risk of its being suspected who I am. He very much approved of this prudence, and told me on this subject that an emigrant of his acquaintance, having lately written

to her mother in the most cautious manner, the letter was opened at the post office; for that only, her poor mother was taken back to prison. It makes one shudder! what prudence one ought to have! Mr. Godwin, who has correspondents every where, undertakes to send by a safe opportunity letters which I shall write to-morrow to my aunt and Mr. Duplessis. Besides, he is going to write immediately to Spain, to learn if my parents are still there.—I melted into tears while he told me all this; he likewise wept. On leaving me he said, Make yourself easy, Miss, I am a father, and will put myself in Mr. d'Armilly's place. I share your troubles, but I feel his. In whatever place he may be, I will discover him, and conduct you to his arms myself.—What adorable goodness! He begged one thing of me, which Mrs. Purvis thought very prudent; it was not to trust our secrets to any one without his consent. The spirit of party has made my family irreconcileable enemies; besides Mr. Godwin has represented to me, that he had powerful motives for

fearing every thing for me, if I am discovered. In short, it is very right that I should not undertake any important proceeding, without being authorized by this generous protector which Providence has given me. I have therefore promised what he desired; he has accepted my word, and I shall certainly keep it scrupulously. I ought not to forget to say, that he has very much pressed me not to give any more lessons, offering to lend me all the money I may require for my governess and myself. But whatever may be my respect and gratitude for him, I should rather a thousand times live by my industry, than to borrow, and contract debts, which my relations would be obliged to pay. I have positively refused these offers, but by thanking him as I ought. May God bless this benevolent man!

. . . .

March 12.

To-day, as I was giving a lesson to Mrs. Stopford, Mrs. Purvis came in to bring from Mr. Godwin, *les quatre Fils de l'homme de Nicole*, which he advised me to

read. Mrs. Purvis put the book on the table, and left the room. Mrs. Stopford then said, I am sure it is a book of devotion, since Mr. Godwin lends it to you. You know Mr. Godwin then? replied I. She answered, I only know him from reputation, but that is enough to know he is a saint, and the best of men. Upon which she related some truly admirable traits of him, which Mrs. Purvis had not mentioned. This praise cannot be suspected, coming from a person who has never spoken to him; one cannot suppose that friendship has made her exaggerate. What happiness for me that such a man has voluntarily undertaken the management of my affairs! I owe much gratitude to Mrs. Purvis for her good advice, and for the regard she feels for me. I can give no idea of her attentions. She sends me continually all sorts of presents in dainties, pastry work, and sweetmeats, and the other day she had some ices made in order to send me some; in short, I do not think she has more affection for Sarah than myself.

March 18.

My governess's health has continued better for the last eight days, but her head is more deranged than ever.

Mr. Godwin wishes me to become acquainted with his wife, who is an angel like himself. She lives in retirement fifteen miles from London; she will come next week, and I shall see her. Mr. Godwin related to Mrs. Purvis and myself the history of his marriage; it is admirable. Mr. Godwin, since the age of fifteen, was of such a religious turn, that he would absolutely become a monk. He shut himself up in a convent in Portugal, which is more strict than our monks of la Trappe: for example, he slept on a bed of which one can form no idea, but by comparing it with a large brush; he slept without sheets on this horse hair thus placed, which pricked him on all sides. Hourly, throughout the night, a religious monk passed through all the galleries with a great bell, crying out, *Awake to pray, and remember death!* (that is very awful.) He always wore a girdle, and a kind of

collar and bracelets next to the skin, filled with iron spikes. His only nourishment was coarse black bread and water. He lived thus five years. At the end of that time, his father became dangerously ill, he was recalled, and attended him two years. His father died, and with his last breath recommended him to take care of the children of his intimate friend, who died insolvent. Mr. Godwin set himself about the affairs of this family, and placed all the boys out; there remained a daughter, to whom he wished to give a pension, which she from delicacy refused. Mr. Godwin, touched with her virtues, married her, merely to insure her an asylum; it was not at all for love, for she was very ugly, and older than he is. That is why he is married, still regretting he is not able to follow his calling. It is not surprising that he approves that of his daughter, and that he was charmed she would become a nun. He is a very tender father; still so struck with my resemblance to his daughter, so much so, that sometimes on looking at me, he falls into an absence of mind; he then sighs,

muses. I believe, that in spite of himself, he grieves on thinking that when his daughter has taken the veil, he will be separated from her for ever, and his piety condemns this feeling, which is, notwithstanding, very natural.

Mrs. Purvis told me, that Mr. Godwin, although in the world, lives always with great austerity, but he conceals it that he may not appear singular; one would not think on seeing him that he fasted so often, or that he wore hair cloth, for he is very fat, but that is because he has been accustomed to this sort of living from his youth.

March 25.

Mr. Godwin still seeks an opportunity for sending my letters to my aunt and the good Mr. Duplessis, but he has not yet met with one to his mind. He is so prudent, that he positively will not allow Mr. Purvis to be admitted to our secrets, saying, he is too absent; besides, he would be useful to us in no respect, and that it would be indiscreet to make an important disclosure without necessity.

I no longer teach Mrs. Stopford, who

cannot take lessons, because she is going to make a long voyage. On the evening of her departure she again spoke to me of Mr. Godwin with enthusiasm: she had just been to see a family of emigrants, to whom he had rendered unheard of services; but he never boasts of these things, which is the reason I had not heard a word of this history. Every day increases my veneration for him.

I have acquired two more scholars, and have now five; when I have six I shall take no more, that I may reserve time for my own particular studies.

I wash and iron very well now; I reckon a great deal better, and know English coins well, having arranged a small collection in a box, and written over each piece the name and value.

I likewise learn from Mr. Purvis the names and properties of drugs; he has given me a sample of all those which are not of a poisonous nature, which makes me a pretty little Pharmacy. I neglect no means of learning something new. Mr. Purvis is a very good botanist; he

was delighted that I knew something of botany; he has given me some lessons, and lent me a very handsome engraved herbal.

April 2.

I have this morning, for the first time, had a tolerable sharp dispute with Mrs. Purvis. I feel for her all the respect her age merits, and all the gratitude I owe her; however, I do not think I was in the wrong. This is exactly our conversation. Mrs. Godwin is expected to-day; Mrs. Purvis was alone with me this morning in my study, while my poor governess was sleeping in our bed room; the conversation fell upon Mrs. Godwin, and Mrs. Purvis told me she expected me to try my utmost to please this respectable lady. I answered, that I felt a great desire to obtain the friendship of Mr. Godwin's wife, and besides, replied Mrs. Purvis, it is your interest.—How? It is, that if you please her, I am persuaded Mr. Godwin, who loves you as a father, will propose for her to take you home with her; he has not told me so, but knowing

his goodness, I do not doubt it. I myself think, Madam, you are mistaken. I should be obliged to abandon my governess, and certainly Mr. Godwin is far from having such an idea. . . . *To abandon her?* Heaven forbid that I should advise you to such a thing! He would put her out to board at a good surgeon's, hire her a better apartment than this, she would have a servant and a keeper, and be infinitely better than here, and would, perhaps, recover; see what advantages only for her!—But who will pay all this expence for my governess?—Mr. Godwin will feel himself but too happy in performing this good action.—I am persuaded of it; but that action belongs to me, I feel how dear the trust is, and will never resign it to any one. If I accepted an asylum at Mrs. Godwin's, I could no longer dispose of my time, I could no longer give lessons, consequently, should have no means of supporting my governess; and I repeat to you, that I will never suffer any one to supply my place in that respect.—Listen, my dear Miss, let us talk

reason. Your governess is given over by the physicians, she will never recover either her health or her reason, but she may live some time in the state she is in. Consider, that the life you now lead, will in the end destroy your own health. Consider, how unhealthy, and even unreasonable it is, to sleep every night in the room of a person so infirm, and whose head is insane! Some time or other a furious fit may come on, of which you will be the victim; it makes one shudder! What I propose to you would be most advantageous for Mrs. Roussel, and at the same time you would have your liberty, and be released from frightful dangers, to which you are continually exposed.—No, Madam, I do not fear my governess. She is no longer sane, it is true, but she has preserved her heart, she still knows and loves me.—In her situation, she would not remember you four and twenty hours after your absence.—I do not think it, but, at least, I am certain, I shall never forget her, and could not live without remorse for having voluntarily quitted her.—An-

other consideration is, that it is possible, contrary to our expectation, you may yet pass some years without finding your parents. God only knows how it will end; would it not be prudent in this uncertainty, to make sure of an honourable asylum, and to place yourself under the protection of a virtuous and immensely rich lady, who may become attached to you, and, in the end, insure you a considerable fortune. Your figure is so childish, that those who see you cannot look on you as a young person; you have only the manners of a child, but you will soon be fourteen years old; in one year you may be perhaps grown, and then it will be unbecoming to live thus alone, without an adviser; be assured, that in this case you would cruelly expose your reputation.—I shall know how to preserve it irreproachable, by living in retirement and obscurity. In one word, my dear Mrs. Purvis, I owe Mrs. Roussel unbounded gratitude; I have promised her since her illness to attend her constantly, and never to leave her, and nothing in the

world shall make me fail in this engagement.—And if your parents are in Spain, and should write word for you to go and rejoin them there?—If they are in Spain, I will go and rejoin them, even if they do not send for me, at least, if they should not forbid me; but I would take Mrs. Roussel; you know that the physicians agreed in saying, a long journey would do her good, particularly by sea.—And if your family were in the North? if you were obliged to travel a great part of the way in a coach?—Still, I would take Mrs. Roussel.—I question if she be in a situation to make a long journey by land, at least, she must stop often, and travel extremely slow.—I would stop often, and travel by short stages.—In going to rejoin so beloved a family!—It is true, I shall be longer before I see them, but they will receive me with more pleasure and affection, I shall have fulfilled a sacred duty. I know my parents, and am certain they would prescribe all that gratitude inspires me with for Mrs. Roussel.—Indeed, Miss, I can only see in your schemes, in this re-

spect, a mad obstinacy. These words pronounced in a sharp manner, caused me great emotion. I dare believe, Madam, replied I, that Mr. Godwin will not disapprove of it.—Mrs. Purvis made no reply, and mused a moment. She then said, I will not conceal from you, that my husband sees with much concern Mrs. Roussel in our house, and I cannot answer that I shall be able to engage to keep her much longer. At these words, I could not restrain my tears. I shall be very much grieved to leave you, Madam, I answered; notwithstanding, I will determine without wavering, if my governess cannot remain with you.—Think well of it, said Mrs. Purvis to me, rising, and reflect, Miss, on all I have had the honour of saying to you.—Be convinced, Madam, replied I, that you will always find in me the same sentiments I have just shewn. Mrs. Purvis left the room quite in anger. At the same time my governess awoke, and called me. How sweet and affecting did her voice appear to me at that instant! I flew towards her, assisted her to rise,

conducted her to an arm chair, and gave her a basin of broth, which I had made for her. Never did I wait on her with such pleasure, never did I feel a satisfaction more pure. I could not look on her without being affected! The dear interesting creature smiled on me, and squeezed my hand. I pressed hers to my heart, renewing with delight the sacred promise she had received from me.—This afternoon Mrs. Purvis came to fetch me. Mr. Godwin was at her house, she brought Sarah to remain with my governess. I followed her; she had an embarrassed air, but was quite pacified. When we entered the parlour, she owned she had related every thing to Mr. Godwin, and added, with a great deal of candour, that he told her she was entirely in the wrong, (which gave me great pleasure.) Mr. Godwin is an angel; he resumed the discourse again to scold poor Mrs. Purvis. This excellent man said, that he felt indeed for me the sentiments of a father, and for that reason he wished above all to see me fulfil all my duties; he commended

my attachment to my governess, and repeated several times that I ought to attend her to the last moment. Mrs. Purvis excused herself, from the extreme interest she took in my fate; she told me many affecting things, I heartily embraced her, and, in fact, I ought not to be displeased with her, for her fault proceeded from a mistaken zeal. I mentioned my uneasiness on what she had said, that Mr. Purvis would not keep my governess: Mr. Godwin took upon himself to speak to him, and make him sensible how inhuman it would be to send her away; but Mr. Godwin ordered me not to say a word to Mr. Purvis, because the only thing that would make him relinquish it, was the idea that I did not suspect him, and that I depended entirely on the friendship he shewed me; therefore I shall never tell him. Good God, what would have become of me, if I were not guided by the advice of a man, so prudent, so enlightened, and so perfect in every thing!

April 13.

I have to-day my six pupils, it is Mr.

Godwin who has completed this number for me, by procuring me Miss Dennis, fifteen years of age, a daughter of a merchant in the city. This unfortunate young person is very much deformed by nature, she is horribly marked with the small pox, and is very hunch backed, which they say is the reason her relations wish to have her very accomplished. She pays me as much as two pupils; for besides the harp, I teach her drawing.

April 15.

I saw Mrs. Godwin yesterday; Mr. Godwin had the civility to bring her into my study, which he entered for the first time. Mrs. Godwin made much of me, and very pressingly invited me to go and dine at her house sometimes. I answered, that was impossible, on account of my governess, and that I made it a rule never to go out but to church, or to take the air for half an hour, from time to time. Nevertheless, she continued to press me in such an extraordinary manner, that I was embarrassed, when Mr. Godwin came to

my assistance, by positively approving my refusal. As I ought to put every thing down in this journal, I must confess, that Mrs. Godwin's outward appearance is extraordinary and repulsive: there is in her manners a something determined, and at the same time forced, which I never saw in any other person except Mrs. Stopford. But the latter was yet young and handsome, instead of which, Mrs. Godwin is excessively plain, and very old, without looking venerable. She speaks very bad English, and makes use of very strange expressions.

She has only lived in retirement in the country; she has had no advantage in the world; I think she is entirely without education or judgment. Mr. Godwin is the more to be esteemed for having made such a marriage; he has great sense, and genteel manners. I am sure he is aware how ridiculous she is. I even remarked, that he was embarrassed two or three times at what she said, and that he made several signs to her. But she has a good heart and great devotion, and that

is enough to make Mr. Godwin love her. He never speaks of her but with the greatest respect, for he was struck only by her virtues. Mrs. Godwin begged me to play on the harp and sing. I could plainly see the words in my Romance* shocked Mr. Godwin a little, because it expressed love only, (he never goes to public places on account of that;) during the time I sang, he looked tenderly on me, and coloured. I was really ashamed in thinking I had made a man blush, but it was because Mr. Godwin is certainly a saint, which is not a compliment. He said, they ought to compose spiritual songs, and moral romances; this idea, is in fact very good, and I feel I should sing better if I had to express filial piety, gratitude, and fraternal affection.

May 1.

Poor Miss. Dennis has no taste, either for drawing or music; she generally comes to my lodgings alone, but some-

* Romance, a Spanish ballad.

times her mother brings her, and according to what both mother and daughter said to me of Mr. Godwin, I presume that this charitable man is the benefactor of the family, and it is he who pays Miss Dennis's master. It gives me great uneasiness to think that it is from Mr. Godwin I receive this money, and particularly as he pays me for doing a good action. I would teach this poor girl for nothing, but I have no pretence for it, since they conceal their situation from me. Mr. Godwin never owns the good he does, it would even make him angry to speak to him of them.

May 16th.

My letters to Paris went yesterday. Mr. Godwin has met with a safe opportunity. He has not at present received an answer from Spain, but expects one every day. He still reads his collection of newspapers, and several numbers are wanting, which he has sought for in vain. He has charged a bookseller to look for them in some Magazine; he says that it will take a long time.

What persevering goodness! He adds to that other delightful attentions to me; himself and Mrs. Godwin send me continually the most beautiful flowers, and they are very scarce in London, and too dear for me to purchase them; for this reason I would not have received them, but they came from a garden that belongs to Mr. Godwin, and which he cultivates himself.

May 18.

My study is charming; it is quite filled with flowers, the greatest part in flower pots, but I have eight glass bottles. It is a delightful sight.

My governess being better for the last month, I have dismissed the nurse, and retain her only for three hours in the morning, while I give my lessons in Mrs. Purvis's parlour. My governess never rising till half past twelve o'clock, is then in bed, but I go up between every lesson to see if she is calm, or if she is in want of any thing.

May 20.

Yesterday at half past twelve, after having as usual dismissed the nurse, and assisted my governess to dress, I went into the room again, according to my custom, to make her bed. In a few minutes, I heard her walk in the study, which she never did before; for she always remained quiet in her arm chair, employed in drawing threads out of rag, the only thing that has appeared to amuse her for a long time. I went softly, and peeped at the door to see what she was doing, and saw, I own with much pain, that she gathered and tore off all my beautiful flowers! I questioned her about it; she at first answered me only by a mysterious sign; it is always her way; I repeated my question, and she told me she wished to make *some garlands to adorn me.*—Who could be barbarous enough to oppose her in the state she is now in? I gave up my poor flowers. . . . She broke them all, without leaving a single one; she heaped them cautiously in the lappet of her gown; that done, she reseated herself, asked me for some thread,

and set herself to work to make garlands. She afterwards called me to her *to dress me*, as she said. I knelt down before her, and she immediately covered me with all these garlands; she placed one on my head, another as shoulder belt, a third as a sash, and then she embraced me, saying, that I was pretty, and that she would adorn me every day in that manner. At that instant the door of my study was opened, and I saw appear Mr. Godwin, followed by Mrs. Purvis. Mr. Godwin stopped, and looked at me with astonishment: I gave them an explanation of this singularity: during the whole of this time, Mr. Godwin did not cease to examine my figure, which, in fact, must have been very ridiculous, with all those garlands of flowers. Well, said Mr. Godwin, I will send you fresh flowers every morning, for you and Mrs. Roussel; since they amuse her, we must not let her be in want of them. Was not that excessive kindness? . . I am come, added he, to bring you an old newspaper I have found. At these words how my heart palpitated! . . I took the news-

paper, and read this clause; "Madrid, August 2, 1794. The Count and Countess d'Armilly with their family are still here, but, notwithstanding the protection the Court affords them, it is believed they will leave in a few months!" After having read these six lines, I was obliged to sit down; emotion and joy may sometimes do much harm; I could no longer breathe, and was alarmingly pale. I have discovered on this occasion all Mr. Godwin's goodness; he likewise turned pale. *A glass of water! a glass of water!* he cried out; *she is going to faint!* They made me drink some. I wept; it was fortunately behind my governess's chair, for if she had seen my tears, I am certain she would have been in the greatest agitation, or, at least, she would have wept also; it is what I have experienced more than once. Mr. Godwin, placed before me, with one knee on the ground, held a small bottle, which he made me use. Incomparable child! said he, and his eyes were filled with tears. I cannot express how much I was affected, to see this respectable man take such an interest in my

welfare. I do not know what I said to him then, but he suddenly got up, turned abruptly, and sunk on the seat of the window, where he remained some minutes. He was really so affected, that I am sure the remembrance of his daughter mingled with the compassion I caused him. At length my dear parents were at Madrid nine months since! *the Court protected them.* . . . Notwithstanding, they wished to quit Spain! Ah! it was to seek me no doubt. . . I am persuaded they are in Portugal; Mr. Godwin will surely discover them. Oh, how can I acquit myself towards him!

May 22.

Mr. and Mrs. Godwin send me every morning such a quantity of flowers, that my governess can make garlands *to adorn me* (as she says) without using them all.

I forgot to write, that before last evening, Mrs. Purvis told me it was sometimes inconvenient to her to be constantly a third person between Mr. Godwin and me, and that she thought I might, without incon-

venience, receive him alone in her parlour, and even in my lodgings, a man of his age, and such a character. I answered, what is very true, that I looked on Mr. Godwin as a second father, that, in fact, his age was respectable, (for I think he is near forty,) but notwithstanding, as he is not exactly an old man, I could not see him alone without a want of decorum. I added, that I was persuaded he would himself think the same. I was not deceived; Mrs. Purvis mentioned it to him, and he has positively rejected this proposition. Besides the reason of decency, which ought to hinder me from being tete-a-tete with a man, whoever he may be, I acknowledge, that in spite of myself, Mr. Godwin inspires me with a particular embarrassment, for which I cannot account. No one can more respect or admire him than I do, but he has a certain fixed and penetrating look that intimidates me. I think he is a great observer, which has given him this manner of looking, and is truly singular. I do not fear his reading my heart, and yet I cannot

sustain this look, and in all respects I am not perfectly at ease with him. My timidity increases every day. When I had a protector to warn and to chide me, I felt much more confidence. Mrs. Purvis is very virtuous, and loves me tenderly, but she is not very thoughtful for her age.

June 1.

I have seen Mrs. Godwin to-day for the third time. What a singular voice and disagreeable manners she has! . . No answer from Spain or Paris! how long it is!

I am still as satisfied with my little scholar of ten years of age, Miss Watson. She is certainly not pretty, but pleasant by her courtesy and mildness. She makes astonishing progress, and already plays charmingly. She learns well, because she is extremely docile. When our lesson is ended, her governess permits us to play together, and notwithstanding the difference in our age, it amuses me in thinking that my amiable Juliette has, no doubt, still a large

doll. Miss Watson's is a charming one, she brings it every day in the carriage; I givè her a lesson on the harp also, which makes us laugh very much; and then we dress it. . . . This morning Miss Watson has given me the prettiest doll in the world; it is dressed in long clothes, and has a wax face, and flaxen hair curled, which is delightful; I shall keep it for my poor little Gogo. I have likewise hoarded up several other things for her, and Juliette, and for my brothers. Oh, when shall I distribute this little store among them!

June 10.

Miss Dennis makes so little progress, that I really feel scrupulous as to receiving the money for lessons absolutely useless. I mentioned it to Mr. Godwin, who answered me with severity, that he had hoped I would have devoted myself to a pupil deprived of all hope of an establishment, by the deformity of her figure; for, he added, men in general are affected only by the most frivolous and despicable

advantages, they only seek for graces and beauty. . . . I assured Mr. Godwin, with truth, that I gave Miss Dennis more time and attention than even Miss Watson, my favourite scholar; he thanked me, and begged me still to persevere some time longer, which provoked me.

June 15.

The answer from Paris is arrived, but only a letter from Mr. Godwin's correspondent. My aunt, her children, and Mr. Duplessis are in perfect health. My aunt said, my mamma had been gone to Spain these seven months, and since that time she had heard nothing of her; my aunt has no longer received answers; surely mamma travels. My aunt dared not absolutely write one word, it being of the greatest danger; she enjoins me to use the most particular prudence in this respect, and to follow entirely the advice of Mr. Godwin. She will soon send me some money by an opportunity, and desires that then I give no more lessons. That is all the letter contains. I read it

over ten times following, and know it by heart. I could not find expressions to make known my joy and gratitude to Mr. Godwin. How my destiny is changed since I have known him, and what blessings heaven sheds on me since I have been guided by him!

I could wish to hear particulars of Adrienne and Augustus; Mr. Godwin says, that after the charge my aunt had given me, I ought not to risk writing to them, but he would forward some little presents I had destined for them.

June 25.

To-day, at half past eleven o'clock, my governess being still in bed, Mr. Godwin and Mrs. Purvis entered my study, and Mr. Godwin told me, he had just received by his correspondent some money, which my aunt had sent me; at the same time he drew from his pocket some bank notes, and then a purse filled with gold, altogether making the sum of five hundred guineas. He placed it on my table, begging me to give him a receipt. No, Sir, I said,

I should be perplexed with all this money; pray allow me to confide it to you.—But, replied he, these notes are not trouble-some; put them in a portfolio, which you may lock up in your cup-board.—I beg of you instantly to take charge of them.—At least, take this purse, which contains only an hundred guineas, you will absolutely want them for your present expences.—Not at all, for I am determined not to lay out any of that sum. I am ignorant of the situation of my parents. . . . Protected by a Court, they are certainly in the greatest ease. Unforeseen events may deprive them of it, and I wish to preserve this money to restore to them when I shall see them.—But that is impossible, you must live. . . . I receive for lessons more than sufficient.—But your aunt wishes you to leave off giving lessons.—She says, *she wishes it.* A wish is not a command.—For such a heart as yours, is not the wish of an aunt so revered a command?—Yes, without doubt, if she knew exactly the situation of my parents; but it is seven months

since she has heard from them. Besides, I do not believe myself obliged to obey rashly a command of my aunt's, as if I received it from her mouth, or signed by her hand. Your correspondent may have misunderstood or ill explained what she said. In short, this sum is too much for my aunt to have sent for me only, and if she supposes that a part of it might be necessary for my parents, I ought to reserve the whole for them, since it is possible for me to do it. This discourse caused Mr. Godwin much astonishment. He did not make any reply, and after a long silence, Mrs. Purvis resumed the conversation, by endeavouring to make me change my determination; I believe, that in spite of myself, my countenance expressed a little impatience; Mr. Godwin interrupted Mrs. Purvis, by saying, Do not oppose her, these reasons are so virtuous and affecting, that we are not permitted to resist them. He said several other amiable things of me; he then left the room, taking with him the five hundred guineas, after having given me a written receipt.

I have reflected a great deal on the above, and suspect that Mr. Godwin, who spends his time in doing generous actions in secret, must have greatly increased the sum really sent by my aunt. This idea occurred to me immediately, but even if it had not, I should have acted just the same. So that in either case, I flatter myself I have done a good part. I will send the whole of this sum to my parents, then they may clear up the matter. Till that time, the money shall remain in Mr. Godwin's hands. I believe, likewise, that Mr. Godwin is desirous that I should discontinue my lessons, for fear that among my pupils there may be some found capable of giving me bad advice, for he continually recommends me not to talk with them, and in general to be mistrustful. Besides, I know by Mrs. Maitland and Miss Dalzel, that there have been several persons here to see me, and request me to give them lessons, a long time before I had completed the number of scholars I wished to have, and that Mrs. Purvis denied them, without consulting me. I spoke to

her about it, and she candidly acknowledged it was true, but that Mr. Godwin, to whom she had named these persons, told her they wanted principle and piety, and that he should be in despair if they were in the least connected with me. Certainly, a father could not take more interest in the conduct and reputation of his daughter. He carries this interest so far, as to make enquiries if I go often to mass, and whether I observe the days of abstinence. He has even proposed to send me his chaplain, who has been a missionary in the Indies, and whose life resembles the Apostles; but I am much attached to my confessor, whom I applied to on my arrival in London: chance was very propitious to me in that. This ecclesiastic is an excellent man, he is very plain in his discourses, but his exhortations are affecting, and I do not wish to leave him.

I have engaged a master, it is an old miniature painter, who teaches very well, and being pleased with my attention, takes very little money, and gives me long les-

sons. I should like to attain perfection in so agreeable an accomplishment.

July 12.

I have to-day received a most delightful letter written in French, and by a young English lady, Lady Charlotte Williamson. This note was given to Mr. Purvis, who immediately sent it up to me. It appears, by some expressions in this letter, that it is not the first this young lady has written to me, but I have not received any other. Lady Charlotte says, she has wished for a long time to have been my pupil, and earnestly enquired if I would not give her lessons, or receive her, at least once only. All that is said with such grace and extreme politeness, there is not a fault in spelling in the whole letter, and the writing is excellent. As Mrs. Purvis was out, I went into Mr. Purvis's laboratory, and asked him if he knew Lady Charlotte Williamson; he answered, that he had never seen her, but he knew she was of an illustrious and respectable family, which

was all he could tell me. When Mrs. Purvis comes in, I shall question her about it.

July 14.

As I wrote yesterday, Mrs. Purvis having given me a very disadvantageous description of Lady Charlotte, I wished to know Mr. Godwin's opinion in this respect on the subject. He blamed Mrs. Purvis for having spoken so ill of this young lady, but it is, I believe, from Christian charity, for he owns she is *a lady of fashion*, and I have heard him say a thousand times, that this expression signifies *a coquette*. In short, he has advised me not to receive her, and I have promised him. Mrs. Purvis persuaded me not to answer the letter, but I told her, I considered that very uncivil. Upon which, Mr. Godwin was of my opinion; he said, I ought to answer it with respect, but very coolly, and by explicitly refusing the visit. It is what I shall do, but it costs me a great deal to answer thus so pretty a letter.

August 1.

The answer from Spain is at length arrived, but does not acquaint us of any thing very satisfactory. They inform us, that my parents have left Madrid these eight months; they suspect they are in Portugal; they are not sure, but will make enquiries. Mr. Godwin has found nothing new in his collection of newspapers. He has just written to Portugal.

August 18.

My poor governess is worse to-day than she was yesterday; for the last three weeks her health has been very bad!

August 25.

I have found out means of calming the agitation with which my governess is troubled, particularly every evening; which is, as soon as she is in bed, to play on the harp in my study, leaving the bed-room door open; but I am obliged to play softly, and without breaking off or increasing the sound during two or three hours; at the end of that time she is calm, and goes to sleep.

August 27.

Thank God, my governess has been visibly better for the last three days.

August 28.

To-day my little friend, Miss Watson, has talked to me of nothing but Lady Charlotte Williamson, whom she met at a private concert, at a cousin of Miss Watson's. The latter played the harp with great success in this party, and was questioned a great deal respecting her *little instructress*. As she is extravagantly fond of me, she has commended me with exaggeration, but she said, I was nearly her age, for she really thinks I am only eleven or twelve. Although I am very little, yet I am much taller than she is, and I have the appearance of, at least, twelve years of age. Lady Charlotte said she quite longed to see me, and Miss Watson has promised *her protection* for that purpose; this charming little lady has teazed me to become acquainted with Lady Charlotte, assuring me she is very good and very amiable. Miss Watson's governess, who is a very sensible person, likewise spoke

handsomely of Lady Charlotte, and commended her modesty exceedingly. I really think Mr. Godwin has been deceived with regard to this young person; but as he has great prejudice against her, and I have promised not to receive her, I have resisted all Miss Watson's entreaties, who told me with vexation, that she well knew it was Mrs. Purvis who prevented my receiving Lady Charlotte, because *she wished to keep me quite to herself.* She informed me Mrs. Purvis had received Lady Charlotte so ill, that she thought her very *wicked.*

August 29.

My governess's health continues better.

August 30.

This morning after Miss Watson's lesson, we went up to my study. There was in an earthen pan a large wash, which I had began, and I proposed to Miss Watson to make soap bubbles. As we were at play I heard some one tap gently at the door; I thought it was Mrs. Purvis returned from the city, for she was gone

out, and begged her to enter, without disappointing myself of our play. At that instant I was mounted on a chair, in order to be able to throw the soap bubbles to the ceiling. What was my surprise, on seeing a young lady appear as beautiful as an angel! Miss Watson clapped her hands, and jumped for joy, crying out, I have however accomplished it! and she afterwards said, Here is Lady Charlotte. I was very much ashamed that she found me thus playing like a little child. I quickly descended from the chair, and made a low curtsey. Lady Charlotte approached me with open arms, she embraced me three or four times together, and said such amiable things with so much grace and ingenuousness, that from that moment I have been persuaded she is not *a lady of fashion*. She has so much mildness, appears so sensible! I feel quite at my ease with her! . . . Miss Watson informed me, that knowing the day before yesterday Mrs. Purvis would go out this morning, she told Lady Charlotte to come to-day, and to pass through the shop, where she

would only find Mr. Purvis, who is, Miss Watson says, *a good man*, and would let her pass; in short, Miss Watson advised her not to come with her attendants, and Lady Charlotte came in her aunt Lady Elizabeth's carriage. We laughed a good deal at all these precautions; Lady Charlotte remained more than an hour with me. I have not engaged positively to give her lessons, but I could not, without extreme rudeness, refuse her visits; she told me she would endeavour to come again the day after to-morrow.

This afternoon I candidly related all this to Mrs. Purvis, and could plainly see that she was exceedingly dissatisfied.

September 5.

My governess has made me very uneasy for the last two days; it appears to me that she grows dreadfully weak. However, the physician said her pulse is not bad, and that there is nothing to fear, while the wound which is open in the left leg does not close. I dress it twice a day regularly, what she would certainly suffer

from no other person.—Since my interview with Lady Charlotte, I dreaded very much seeing Mr. Godwin again; he is too rigid, and I respect him too much not to fear him; but I have been very agreeably surprised, for instead of speaking harshly to me about it, he joked very mildly, and then said, the world is so wicked, that it was possible it might have been unjust to Lady Charlotte. He only repeated his request, that I would not speak to her of my affairs, and he reminded me of my promise, not to confide my secrets to any one, whoever they might be, without first consulting him: and I shall certainly be faithful to this engagement; I must be very ungrateful to fail in it. Besides, when one has given one's word, nothing can exempt one from keeping it.

September 12.

Alas! my governess's wound is almost dry and closed!—What is very extraordinary, as she becomes weaker, her senses appear to return. She does not talk non-

sense any longer, and was never more tender to me. . . . She pierces my heart!

September 13.

My poor dear governess this morning asked for a priest, I have sent for my confessor.

October 6.

I lost my dear and respected friend the 28th of last September at five o'clock in the morning. . . The Almighty, who has called her to him to reward her for her virtues, had the goodness to render her perfectly sane the last days of her life. She died with the piety of an angel; I did not leave her a single moment. Thank heaven, she did not suffer; and without fear as well as without grief, she gave her last sigh in my arms. . . . Mrs. Purvis and Mr. Godwin have shewn me the greatest kindness on this melancholy occasion. They wished to take me immediately to Mrs. Godwin's for several days, which I absolutely refused. I have only accepted the permis-

sion to sleep in Sarah's room, where I still am. I have not admitted any of my pupils, except Miss Watson; this amiable child comes almost every day; she consoles me more than any one else, because she weeps with me. Lady Charlotte has been in the country these three weeks.—They are surprised at my continued grief! yet that excellent friend, although deprived of her senses, has never ceased to know me; but even if she had not preserved a feeling for me, it was still a consolation to see and look on her. I would have loved her as the portrait of a person beloved; and besides, I should have had the pleasure of serving and attending her. And she knew me, she loved me, she smiled on me! Oh, how affecting was her smile! How can I describe what I felt, when in her most violent fits it would be sufficient to appease her by saying, *Look at me, I am Adelaïde!* Then those eyes, so open, so wild, would be fixed on my face, and soon become soft and natural! I shall regret her as long as I live. . . . She could no longer guide me, it is true, but since she has been gone, it

appears as if I were entirely abandoned. I shall no longer be accustomed to see that venerable and beloved figure near me; by looking at her it was enough to bring to mind all my duties!

I have spared no expence, that her funeral might be suitable and decent. Mr. Godwin has acquired a still greater claim on my gratitude, by taking upon him to conduct the procession; he was there with all his servants in mourning. If I were not obliged to conceal myself, I should have a little monument erected, but that is impossible, since I dare not mention her name or mine.—I have taken to mourning, and shall wear it four months; I should have worn it the same, even if I had not passed for her niece. How dejected I am, and my heart is deeply afflicted! This last misfortune adds to the weight of all the others! I weep at the same time for my poor governess, my good mamma, and the absence of my parents!

October 8.

Mrs. Purvis has again advised me to accept an asylum in Mrs. Godwin's house, now that I can wholly dispose of myself. I persisted in refusing, and candidly acknowledged to her, that I had an invincible aversion to Mrs. Godwin. I reproach myself for it, as she is very respectable, but I cannot conquer it. On the whole I would rather live by my labour, than receive benefits from a person it would be impossible to love. Besides, I want so few things now, that I shall confine myself to three pupils, unless I should wish to amass a little sum, that I might not be obliged to touch the money sent by my aunt for the journey I must take, when I shall have the happiness to go and rejoin my parents. If Mrs. Godwin was in the least capable of guiding me, I believe that at my age I should do well, lonely as I am, to put myself under her protection. But the ridiculous tone of her voice and her manners have something in them so coarse and unpleasant, that I am certain mamma would be concerned

to see me in the hands of such a person. As I have some accomplishments, and my age interests, I think I may reasonably flatter myself I shall after a time meet with a lady virtuous and amiable, who would take charge of me, during the time I remain here: I am in a very honest and peaceable house, and shall not be in a hurry to leave it.

October 20.

I have to-day done what has been very painful to me. I have spent in my apartment some hours; oh, how silent and deserted it was! I have put in a trunk that locks, all that belonged to my poor governess, and likewise the forty louis she brought from France. This I did before Mrs. Purvis and Sarah, and I have deposited the whole in Mr. Godwin's hands, who will keep them till we can without inconvenience send them to France for Mr. Roussel.

October 23.

As I could not resolve on sleeping in my own room, I have requested to remain

in Sarah's of nights only; but Mrs. Purvis made great difficulties about it, because she is displeased that I have again refused to go to Mrs. Godwin's. It is for my interest, so that I should be wrong to be angry. I have spoken to the good Mr. Godwin of this change of apartments, and he has arranged all to my satisfaction, for he has great influence with Mrs. Purvis. They have brought my bed in Sarah's room, and placed it by the side of hers. I sleep there, and spend the whole of the day in my apartment. I have made another study of my bed room, but nobody goes there except Mrs. Purvis, Sarah, and myself. In the place where my poor governess's bed stood, I have made a private chapel, at the top of which is a crucifix; and on two large boards which are over the crucifix, all my flower glasses and flower pots are put. She amused herself with plucking them, I will not take possession of them, they shall no more appear in my study, I will consecrate them to her memory! It is there I go every night and morning to pray for her!

I shall resume all my lessons the day after to-morrow.

October 24.

I told Mr. Godwin last evening, that I should like to have some relics for my oratory, (for so I call my old sleeping room.) This morning at ten o'clock, Mr. Godwin and Mrs. Purvis entered my study. The pious Mr. Godwin brought me some presents, which I received with as much joy as respect. A crystal holy water-pot, two superb rosaries, one lapis-lazuli and the other coral, and then two pictures from the relics at Rome; they were framed and glazed. It gave me the greatest pleasure imaginable. All these relics, and even the holy water-pot, have been consecrated by the Pope. The lapis rosary served Mr. Godwin for fifteen years, who counted them evening and morning, and certainly this circumstance will make it more valuable. I was sorry to deprive him of it, but he has another like it. He pointed out to me, among the relics, a small bone of our Patroness. The name of Adelaide

is written on it, and it is truly a relic from good authority, and a sacrifice which Mr. Godwin makes me, for he says he feels a particular devotion for that Saint, whose life was really admirable. I thanked Mr. Godwin from my heart, and begged the favour of him to come into my oratory, and repeat a little prayer for my poor governess; we all three went in. Mr. Godwin, with extreme devotion, knelt down on the desk, and making room for me by his side, made signs for me to place myself there; Mrs. Purvis remained behind us. As I was on the edge of the cushion, that I might not incommode Mr. Godwin, I slipped; he held me, and passed his arm in mine to prevent my falling again. This holy man prayed with a fervor really extraordinary, and his prayer was very long. On rising, he had his eyes filled with tears; I do not think it would be possible to find a person with piety to be compared to his in the world. I have at length dismissed Miss Dennis, who learnt nothing at all, but I shall not replace her. I have quite enough with five scholars.

Mrs. Maitland, after a very long absence, is returned, and wishes to resume her lessons.

November 8.

Lady Charlotte is returned from the country; she came immediately to me, and shewed me the greatest friendship. The more I see of her, the more amiable I find her. I did not know till the day before yesterday that her aunt is the widow of Lord Selby, who travelled in France. The name of Selby made my heart beat, because I recollect perfectly that my father has talked of Lord Selby a thousand times before us, and I should see Lady Elizabeth with interest on thinking she is the widow of a man my father had loved. Lady Charlotte wished to take me to her house, but I ought not to go out in public, particularly after the last letters Mr. Godwin received from Portugal, in which they informed him it was thought my parents had quitted Lisbon these four months, to go into Ireland or England under feigned names. I must be more mysterious and prudent.

November 15.

Lady Charlotte does not teaze me to go to her mother's, because that lady does not like children or accomplishments, but she is always repeating to me that her aunt must absolutely know me. The latter is going into the country, and will not return till after the Christmas holidays.

Lady Charlotte plays a little on the harp, and will absolutely take lessons of me; I have decidedly refused to receive money of her, and teach her solely from friendship.

Mrs. Maitland being the only one of my scholars who goes to court and in high life, I spoke to her of Lady Charlotte; she does not know her personally, but she told me she bore an excellent character. I related that to Mr. Godwin, who was enchanted with it. He proposed my reading Telemachus, which I have accepted, for mamma had promised to give me this admirable work when I was in my fifteenth year. I read it with inexpressible pleasure. How much I am intere-

for this unhappy son, separated from his father! I wish I were able, like Telemachus, to travel over the whole earth in search of my parents! I often reproach myself for my inactivity, but, alas! what can I do at my age, and quite alone?

December 6.

Lady Charlotte has confided to me that she is going to be married. It is very painful to me not being able to confide my secrets to her; but besides that I cannot without consulting Mr. Godwin, which reason alone would prevent me, Lady Charlotte, as well as all her family, are violent Aristocrats, and feel the greatest indignation against all those who have not always detested the revolution. She asked me if I was a *royalist*; I answered, in that respect I was nothing, I never understood any thing of politics, I felt horror at cruelty and impiety, but I should be as long as I lived interested for my country; I prayed to God every day, not that he would restore royalty or keep up a republic, because I do not know which is

the best of these two governments, but that he would re-establish religion and peace in France.

January 2, 1796.

Lady Charlotte has been so engaged with the preparations for her marriage, that I have passed more than three weeks without seeing her. She returned to-day, and charged me with a great undertaking for me. This is what it is. Lady Elizabeth has, at one of her country seats, a portrait of her son Lord Arthur Selby; this portrait, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is superb, and they say an excellent resemblance. Lady Elizabeth has wished for a long time to have it in miniature; her niece brought it unknown to her, and charged me to copy it. I believe I have made great improvements, particularly since I have copied the beautiful miniatures Mr. Godwin lent me; I painted the first ill (Saint Jerome), but it appears to me that my Magdalen and Saint Cecilia were not bad. In short, I am going to undertake the copying this por-

trait. My master set out for Dublin three months since; I regret it much, as his advice at this time would have been very useful to me.

January 8.

I have began the portrait. The first sketch is not ill drawn, but the head is too large. I cannot help admiring this picture; besides its being painted delightfully, the figure is charming. I never saw a man's head so pleasing. Lady Charlotte says, Lord Selby is full of wit, sensibility, and virtue; one sees all that in his countenance. I lock myself in to copy this portrait, and instantly afterwards put it in my chest. I do not wish for Mrs. Purvis to see it; every thing that comes from Lady Charlotte displeases her, and then Mr. Godwin is so austere! If Lord Selby were here, I think he would not be agreeable to my being charged with copying the portrait of so young a man. He is twenty-seven years old, I enquired his age of Lady Charlotte. Twenty-seven years, however, is a mature age, but his

face appears much younger than that. He travels, and is at Denmark, quite in the North; surely I may copy his portrait without scruple.

January 9.

I am employed in nothing but my portrait. There is a resemblance already, I am sure. I can never apply myself to it enough, I so much wish to please Lady Charlotte, I love her so much! Yesterday as I was painting, Mrs. Purvis knocked at my door, and I heard Mr. Godwin's voice; my heart beat! but before I opened the door, I quickly put every thing up; they saw nothing. I really fear Mr. Godwin as if he were my tutor. However, I have not promised him I would not copy portraits. Lady Charlotte has related to me charming things of her cousin. He was passionately in love with a beautiful young person, and notwithstanding that, he would not marry her because she was a gamester. Gaming has cost dear to that young person; she ought to hate it now, for Lady Charlotte said she loved Lord Selby.

January 10.

I have began the portrait again, the head was too large. I shall do this more readily and better, and I am sure now not to fail. I naturally awake with the day to work at it. I love painting to a folly.

January 22, at night.

I have a great many things to relate. I finished my portrait this morning at twelve o'clock, and really I never did any thing so well. At a quarter past twelve, Lady Charlotte arrived; I shewed her my work: she was enchanted with it, so much so, that she would immediately let her aunt see it; and conjured me to go with her, assuring me there would be no person there, and that we would return in an hour. I was not dressed, but Lady Charlotte opened my trunk, took out a frock, put me in order, dressed my hair, and took me with her. Her carriage was at the door, we entered it; she would not even permit me to apprise Mrs. Purvis of it, and we set off. Lady Charlotte laughed, embraced me, and was delighted; I was af-

fected, and quite speechless. We arrived at Lady Elizabeth Selby's.—At the parlour door, Lady Charlotte screamed out, *Here she is, here she is, this dear little creature; I have brought her to you!* Lady Elizabeth immediately appeared, she hastily approached me, took me, and carried me in her arms, seated herself in an arm chair, and retained me on her knees. She is charming in every respect, and must have been very handsome; her son resembles her very much; she has the same eyes, and I never saw so sweet and interesting a look. She embraced me, then looked at me, and said many kind things. It was impossible for me to answer; I could only kiss her hands. She was really enchanted with her son's portrait. I dare not repeat all that she was so indulgent as to say about it. She kissed the portrait, saying it should never leave her. What affecting encomiums she made on her son! Surely he must be a very virtuous and amiable young man; his mother adores him. She would keep me the whole day. I wrote a note to Mrs. Purvis to inform

her I should not return till eight o'clock in the evening. Lady Charlotte sent for her harp, and after dinner I played and sang. During that time, Lady Elizabeth had tears in her eyes. I feel for her an affection which I cannot explain; she is the only person who recalls mamma to my mind. She is good and sensible like her, and I also find her manners are the same. She ordered her door to be closed, and no one came. In short, an hour before my departure, she took me again on her knees, and asked me, if I would like to live with her on her return from the country, adding she had no daughter, and that I should become hers. For answer, I threw my arms round her neck, and burst into tears. She wept, and Lady Charlotte also; she then said, Come, there it is decided; this tender embrace, my Cordelia, is a sweet consent: receive likewise my promise; in three weeks I shall fetch you; you will return here, and it shall be your home. From this day your apartment shall be prepared, which will be near mine, and we will never part

again. I heartily thanked her, and still wept; it required all my courage not to acknowledge who I was. If we had been alone, I should have been still more troubled to have kept silent, but Lady Charlotte restrained me, although I love her exceedingly. In fact, I thank God I have not broken my promise given to Mr. Godwin. I will relate all to him to-morrow, and whatever he may say, I will declare to him that I am determined to confide who I am to Lady Elizabeth, and put myself under her protection.

Lady Elizabeth, the moment I was leaving her, put on my arms two beautiful pearl bracelets with diamond clasps, and Lady Charlotte has given me a very pretty ring. I left Lady Elizabeth's really affected, and at the same time sad. I am sorry to think she is to go a journey for three weeks, during which, I shall be disagreeably situated here: Mrs. Purvis is so unjust to all this benevolent family, but Mr. Godwin is so generous and so reasonable! I do believe he will approve of it, for he certainly only wishes my good. . . . . .

Mrs. Purvis received me very well on my return, which surprised me, yet her manner appeared a little constrained. I am sure she has seen Mr. Godwin, who must have told her it would be ridiculous to be angry with me because I had been to Lady Elizabeth's. Mr. Godwin is more acquainted with the world than Mrs. Purvis; he has great austerity, but that proceeds from the perfections of his virtue; and besides, he shews superior intelligence in every thing.

On returning, I went immediately to my study, not wishing to say any thing to Mrs. Purvis before I had seen Mr. Godwin. I have not at present returned Lord Selby's portrait; since I have seen his mother it is become more interesting to me; it is there before my table. It affects me to look at it. It is certainly an astonishing resemblance of Lady Elizabeth when young; it is the same look, the same expression. . . . How well this head is painted; one could almost say, the sweet figure is going to speak! Sir Joshua Reynolds was a great painter! the first painter in Europe, I think.

To-morrow is in every respect an interesting day for me; it is to-morrow morning that Mr. Godwin expects some letters from Portugal. Oh, if they bring me positive news of my dear parents! He told me the other day he hoped they would, because his correspondent in Lisbon is the most active and intelligent man he knows. It is late, it is near midnight; that is incredible, I have written slowly to night. Sarah, to warn me of it, has already knocked twice at my door. Come, I must go to bed.

January 23.

Good God! what is my trouble and my joy! I set off to-morrow, and am going to find my parents again; I know with certainty where they are. This morning at eight o'clock Mrs. Purvis and Mr. Godwin entered my apartment. The latter had a countenance beaming with joy; on perceiving me, he cried out, Miss, you must allow me to embrace and congratulate you. . . . This beginning was very unusual for Mr. Godwin. Good God, I cried, you have

discovered where my parents are, and they are well? Yes, yes, answered he. On saying these words, he took my hand, I jumped on his neck, and heartily embraced him. He was so moved that he trembled: he is really very good: he seated himself, and me likewise; still holding my hand, which he squeezed, and I weeping, repeated, Well, well! dear Mr. Godwin. I may now tell you, answered he, that for the last two months I have been in the most painful anxiety, which I have carefully concealed from you.—Good God!—Make yourself easy, since I speak to you; hold, read that letter from my correspondent. And I read what follows.

"The Count d'Armilly is returned from England, from whence he was obliged to depart precipitately. I have at length discovered his retreat in the environs of Lisbon. I have seen him, and all his family, who are well; I told him you had informed me that you had something of the greatest importance to communicate to him. I could not answer all their questions on the subject, since I was igno-

rant of this affair; they could not themselves guess to what it related, but they told me positively, that they are fixed for six months at their present residence. Write to them, or charge me with your orders; I will immediately forward them!"

On reading that dear letter, I was suffocated with my tears. Good Mr. Godwin, I cried, I will set off, I will go and rejoin them.—It is a sacred duty on your part, and God forbid that I should hinder you! But know what a fright I have been able to spare you. Your father has passed twenty-four hours in London.—Good God! so near me?—Although he had assumed another name, he was recognized, and ordered to depart in two hours . . Just heaven!—I learnt it from a newspaper, which I read at that time, and here it is. On saying these words, he presented me the paper. I read the printed paper, where this article really was. It there said, that my father travelled in search of a beloved daughter, whom he had lost! What pain, what uneasiness I have caused them! Dear Mr. Godwin, resumed I, how

shall I contrive to reach Lisbon?—Have you not a friend? Have I not promised you that I would restore you to the arms of your parents? . . . At these words I fell at his feet. This man, as modest as he is generous, started; he would have raised me up, but embracing his knees, Oh, my virtuous protector, said I, God who inspires you will recompence you; it is for him alone you act, I know, but suffer my heart to be relieved by expressing the gratitude with which I am penetrated. . . You are going to restore me to an adored family! Oh, believe me, I shall never receive the embraces of my parents without thinking of you, without blessing you! From henceforth every moment of happiness ought to recall you to my memory! How will your generous heart rejoice in this work! think how much I was to be pitied, and how happy I now am! think that God our supreme Judge sees and hears us. Oh, may you at your last hour retrace the remembrance of what you have done for me to-day!—It is too much, said Mr. Godwin, it is too much, I cannot support

such a scene. At these words he disengaged himself from my arms, turned hastily away, and left the room. Mrs. Purvis said, I had certainly wounded his humility. What incomparable piety! it is without exaggeration the piety of a saint. Mrs. Purvis went to seek him, and did not return for half an hour. He was serious, but appeared affected. I enquired when we should set out. I am quite ready, replied he, to-morrow, if you will. Yes, to-morrow. But I cannot travel without a female. Mrs. Maitland offered to send me a waiting woman, whom she could answer for; I will send for her.—No, no, to preserve strict decorum, you must have a person of more weight than a waiting woman; Mrs. Godwin shall go with us, and you will have to wait upon you one of her maids, who speaks English and French.

Although I do not like Mrs. Godwin, I am notwithstanding quite delighted that she will travel with us, for that is certainly much more proper for me. We have made all our arrangements. I shall set off to-morrow, a little before day light, with

the good Mrs. Purvis, who will conduct me to the sea port, from whence we embark; Mr. and Mrs. Godwin will go together, and we shall not meet again till we reach the sea port. I have not said a word to Mr. Godwin of my visit to Lady Elizabeth, that being now entirely useless. I have made all my parcels up, all is ready. I have not at present packed up Lord Selby's portrait; I shall leave it with Mr. Purvis, who will send it to Lady Elizabeth with a letter I will write to her. I shall also write to Lady Charlotte.

The same day at eight o'clock in the evening.

I leave for Lady Elizabeth the copy of my journal, which I intended for my brother. This proof of confidence is all I can do in gratitude for the affectionate kindness she has shewn me, and of which my heart will preserve the most tender remembrance. On packing Lord Selby's portrait, I looked with emotion, for the last time, on that interesting figure, which retraced the traits of her who deigned to receive and adopt me. My tears flowed.

I thought I was saying farewell to Lady Elizabeth for ever! I thought, I ought to put the first sketch I had made of Lord Selby in the case; it is a resemblance, and I could not resolve to rub it out. May Lady Elizabeth always enjoy the happiness Adelaïde wishes her! May she soon see her son, and be never separated from him again!

End of Adelaïde's Journal.

LETTER XXIV.

Eugene de Vilmore to Edward d'Armilly.

London, February 15, 1796.

THE Baroness de Flemming and Lolotte set out for Vienna some days since. You will easily imagine, my dear Edward, that this separation which will be long, has caused me great uneasiness, but we correspond regularly, and shall meet again in four or five years never to part. From this time I will only think of becoming worthy, as much as possible, of the happiness Providence and our dear benefactors have prepared for us. I must relate to

you a very singular circumstance, which will astonish you very much. Two days before the Baroness's departure, she took us all to the Opera; at the end of the first act we saw appear on the stage a young actress, pretty enough, but very awkward, who sang an air; on casting my eyes upon her, it occurred to me that I had seen her before; however, she had on so much red and white, that I did not at first recognize her, when Lolotte, who was also looking at her, cried out, Ah! it is Miss Ulrique! and in fact it was her. This impudent creature raised her head towards our box, she recollected us, and smiled. I felt a great inclination to hiss her.

That is not all; we have learnt since, that, after having married her unworthy lover, on arriving in London, she spent in three or four months all the money she had brought; and afterwards quarrelled with her husband, (who is in the greatest distress,) she entered the Opera; where she is engaged for a trifle, because she is not capable of acting her part in a great play,

but she is kept by a shameful Irish Lord, who is more than sixty years old. There is a discovery worthy this infamous romance. How happy we are, my dear Edward, to have received principles, and an education, which will always preserve us from such baseness and ignominy! My father says on this subject, that virtuous parents or instructors are to their pupils a kind providence, who prepares for the future, suppresses from their destiny every real evil, and the only real misfortune, that of making one's self dishonourable and contemptible.

I hope still, my friend, that you will come here this spring; we shall not return to Switzerland till next autumn, so that we may pass some time together, and you know, my dear Edward, that will always be a great pleasure to me.

LETTER XXV.

Lady Elizabeth to her son Lord Selby.

London, February 22.

I HOPE, dear Arthur, you will find some motive for consolation in the packet

I send you. This is the manner in which these letters have fallen into my hands. Mr. Purvis, as I have informed you, was not in the least accessary to this infamous plot, which causes us so much just uneasiness. When he brought me the journal, and the trunk which this angelic child charged him to send to me, his abominable wife was not yet returned; she remained with Adelaïde until the moment of her embarkation, which contrary winds had absolutely retarded for eleven days. Divers accidents afterwards detained Mrs. Purvis, so that she did not return to London till four days after me. The day after my arrival, having read the journal, I went to Mr. Purvis's, and informed him of the whole. This man is perfectly honest; his indignation equalled his surprise; he took me into his wife's room, forced open her trunks and drawers in my presence, searched them all, and found three hundred guineas in gold, and one hundred in notes, and all Godwin's letters. We read some, which did not leave a doubt of the atrocity of this woman. Mr. Purvis then gave me all these letters, to send them, if I

judged proper, to the family of the unfortunate young lady, as they contained an infinity of details, that not only proved the candour and the scrupulous truth of the journal, with all that respects Adelaide, but still add, if it be possible, to the admiration which her conduct and character must inspire. As to the money acquired by the crime found belonging to Mrs. Purvis, her husband gave it the same day to Christ's hospital. All this was done without a noise, because I wished Mrs. Purvis to reach her house in safety. I consulted with her husband on the manner he should conduct himself, and all has been done as I proposed it should. A letter from Mrs. Purvis, apprising him of the exact day of her arrival, he sent his daughter Sarah, the day before, nineteen miles from London, as she had not the least part in this infamy. Mrs. Purvis arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon; she found in the shop, where she first entered, only a servant; she passed on to the parlour, and there saw with surprise three strangers; one was the constable, the

other two my attorneys. Mr. Purvis closed the door, and told her without preamble, that she was accused of having been accessary to Adelaïde's being taken away. Mrs. Purvis began by denying the fact with impudence, and maintaining that Adelaïde was gone to seek her parents. They afterwards shewed her some letters of Godwin's, which I had sent to my attorneys; at this sight the infamous woman hung down her head, and apprehensive from terror, fell into a chair. At that instant, Mr. Purvis approached her, and searching her pockets, he drew from them a purse, containing an hundred and fifty guineas; he placed them on the table, saying coldly, *This will also be for Christ's hospital.* He again found in her pocket a portfolio, containing only one sealed letter, addressed to *William Nelson, Esquire.* This address was written in Godwin's hand. Mrs. Purvis had the impudence to try and snatch it from her husband; in this contest the seal was broken, and Mr. Purvis read the letter, which he immediately presented to Mr.

Smith to give it to me. I send it you with the rest of the papers. Begin by reading that letter, you will there see much to encourage you; we have not any sort of violence to fear, and Godwin's plan leaves us more than necessary time to reclaim Adelaïde, and rescue her from his arms, before she is become the victim of the impostures of that profligate man. This letter, in every respect, deserves to be preserved for ever: how it honours the angelic creature, whose loss they meditated! Never did vice render to virtue a homage less suspected and more glorious.

You will see by the other letters, that the pretended Mrs. Godwin, of whom Adelaïde speaks in her journal, was not the wife of this monster, but that he is, in fact, married, and that his real wife is in Ireland. You will see that the Miss Stopford, one of Adelaïde's scholars, was also a frail lady bribed by Mr. Godwin. Fear and menaces have made Mrs. Purvis acknowledge many other things. She has also declared the name of the vessel in which Adelaïde embarked; I send you an

account of it. This vessel is really going to Portugal. Godwin would not engage until he was assured it did not take any emigrants, and that Adelaïde could see no one who could recognize her. He has taken for her an honest waiting maid, Mrs. Purvis says, and has hired the cabin, and will himself sleep in the common room with the other passengers. Mrs. Purvis will be watched until we have received news of the arrival of the vessel; her husband will afterwards allow her a small pension to maintain her, on condition that she will pass the rest of her life in a convent in Germany, which he has appointed, and to which he will send her; a proposal she is obliged to accept, to prevent being brought to justice, and because she has no other means of subsistence.

I did not send this packet to you sooner, because I would not trust it to the post, and Mr. Smith was detained by a law suit, which did not terminate till yesterday. Adieu, my dear son, heaven will restore us this incomparable child. I think only of her, and am occupied only with her;

but is not that the same as thinking of you also.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. Godwin to William Nelson.

January 28*.

AT length, Nelson, the *angel* is caught. We wait for a favourable wind, and soon under my care only, shut up in a vessel, her fate will depend entirely on me!

I admire the moralizing tone of your last letter, but why do you speak of corruption? Me corrupt Adelaïde! love preserve me from it! her virtue forms part of her beauty; it is the purity of her soul which gives to her look, her smile, and her countenance, the enchanting delight that has seduced me, and will enslave me for life! Yes, I will still deceive her, and still preserve her character and virtue. I will immortalize her error, and take all

* This letter is what was found in Mrs. Purvis's portfolio, and afterwards sent to Lady Elizabeth, who forwarded it to her son.

the crime upon myself; this is my new plan and my last resolution. It is true, I had at first the vulgar intention you supposed me, but I do not think of it now; I had then only a fancy to her; I have learnt, to my shame, that I may easily deceive her, but that it is impossible to lead her astray; her candour, her honesty, continually confounding my talents, and the vile intriguing Purvis defeated all our projects, and rendered superfluous our most learned combinations.

Chè difesa miglior ch'usbergo e scudo
È la santa innocenza al petto ignudo*.

Other women, Nelson, full of cunning and weakness, see the snare, and allow themselves to be taken; this one, without suspicion or artifice, but guided by invariable principles and by an angelic mind, can neither discover or suspect the

* Car pour le cœur ingénu,
Sans art et sans défiance,
Une plus sûre défense
Que la cuirasse et l'écu,
Est la douce et sainte innocence.

LE TASSE.

grossest imposture, and yet escapes all these snares by the influence of a perfect integrity. Moreover, let us not doubt, Nelson, there exists a sublime instinct, inspired by virtue, which without doubt directs us better than foresight or reason! Would you believe it? notwithstanding the complete success of my hypocrisy, I see clearly in the heart of Adelaïde an invincible aversion to me! I can without trouble excite her gratitude, usurp her esteem and admiration; and I cannot gain her affection! I was not surprised to see her aversion to old Miller, who personated the venerable *Saint Godwin* so awkwardly; but the cunning and pretty *Betsy*, under the name of Miss Stopford, has not been more successful; notwithstanding her flattery, acknowledgments, and caresses, Adelaïde always treated her coldly. As to myself, I received more than once proofs of her confidence, and some marks of momentary sensibility; but never did that heart so pure, and which has nothing to conceal, open itself to me without reserve; and without being able to ac-

count for it, she always feared me, I always inspire her with an insurmountable embarrassment. Oh, Nelson! the trade of *seducer* that we have carried on till now, ceases to be amusing when one is really in love; I am to distraction, and for the first time in my life, *at six and thirty years of age!* What a shame! what degradation of character! and what overturning of ideas and sensations! All that enchanted me formerly confounds me now, and I have often the weakness to blush even at my successes! I cannot describe what I felt when this incomparable child, equally prudent, sensible, and credulous, bethought herself of wishing my *holy prayers* for her governess! She was on her knees by my side, I held her arm in mine; I cast on her a stolen look, her face was celestial... she prayed! ... I thought I saw an angel... I became speechless, and trembled before the God she invoked!... My eyes filled with tears, I was frightened at myself! ... What did I not suffer again on the day I induced her to put herself under my protection to go and seek her

parents! I saw her at my feet; she embraced my knees! I heard her melodious and affecting voice beg of God to repicture *to my last hour* the remembrance of what I was doing for her. And in her mistake she thought to bless me! . . . Yes, Nelson, I own these striking words resounded to the bottom of my soul! I was on the point of betraying myself, and escaped. Her image and the stings of my conscience followed me; I conceived the idea of undeceiving her, of serving her, and sacrificing myself: love got the better of me. Fatal passion, which leads me to a crime that it teaches me to detest! . . . But there is another passion still more fatal and more imperious, that by which my execrable confident was guided, vile cupidity! . . . I cannot perceive in the heart of the abominable Purvis the appearance of remorse! The first night I entered Adelaïde's apartment, whilst she slept in Sarah's room, I was seized with an universal trembling; it seemed to me that I profaned the sacred temple of virtue! every thing brought to my mind the sweet

image of innocence, and hell was in my heart. Whilst Purvis, with dauntless air, quietly searched the chest of drawers, I remained immovable and chilled! I represented to myself Adelaïde in all the interesting situations in which I had surprised her in this same place, taking care of and waiting on her governess; I fancied I saw her still at the feet of this mad woman, allowing herself to be covered with her torn flowers, these flowers her only amusement...which she sacrificed with delight to the caprices of an idiot! Purvis drew from a chest of drawers a small trunk, on which was pasted a strip of paper, with these words of Adelaïde's writing, *The most precious things I have saved.* Do you know, Nelson, what this trunk contained? some of her parents' hair, and a dried white rose, pasted on blue paper; these words were written at the bottom of the leaf, *From the rose tree at Romeval.* The discovery of this innocent secret made Purvis laugh very much! Vile detestable creature! how does stupidity add to wickedness! Is it not a proof, Nelson, that vice

is of itself absurd, since to give one's self up to it without remorse or reserve, one must be reduced to the last degree of stupidity! Explain to me also whence comes that invincible admiration, that the followers of modern philosophy, such as ourselves, cannot refuse to virtue? This admiration does not proceed from habit, nor prejudices of youth; we were both corrupted before we knew how to reason: recall to yourself the education we have received, and the examples given us, and tell me, if you can, why, never having known scruples, I cannot deliver myself from remorse? Ah! if I were free, if I could lawfully receive the hand of Adelaïde, I would reject without wavering the terrible systems that I abhor. Superfluous regrets! engaged in a dark course, I follow it with fright, notwithstanding the glimmering of splendor which makes me discover the horrible perspective! I am like a traveller wandering in a stormy night on the edge of precipices; I run into danger without being able to mistake; I fear the day, and in vain wish for

profound darkness; a flash of lightning dazzling from the threatening clouds shewing me at every step the half open abyss! I take away Adelaïde by force, and give up to everlasting grief a respectable family. I am going in a few months to lacerate the heart of the object I idolize, by persuading her that her parents are dead; on the strength of this imposture I shall know how to compel her to unite herself to my destiny, my sacrilegious hand will receive her innocent one, I shall change my name, and fly with her to America. But wherefore so many toils, crimes, and sacrifices? she will never love me! no, never! I have read her journal, which she left on her table on going to bed: her young heart has already received an impression, which all my cares and services it is evident has not been able to produce. This portrait of Lord Selby, on which she was employed? and she conceals it! Adieu, Nelson, pity me, I am no longer any thing; I have no longer the audacity or blindness of a *free-thinker*; I have not the principles of an

honest man; uncertainty agitates and troubles me, and the most dismal presentiments overwhelm me. Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. Parkinson, Banker in London, to Lord Selby.

Isleworth, March 4.

My Lord,

I HAVE received fatal news of the vessel in which you are concerned, and unfortunately with certainty. It was lost on the coast of Portugal, but we are yet ignorant if they have been able to save the cargo. I have written for the particulars. As soon as they arrive, I shall have the honour to communicate them to you.

I am with respect, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

Edward d'Armilly to Eugene de Vilmore.

Hamburgh, March 15.

YOU know, dear Eugene, how uneasy I have been the last two months on ac-

count of Lord Selby's health. This uneasiness was but too well founded; he has been really ill the last four days, and confined to his bed with a violent fever, and such an oppression, that he could not support the least motion or noise around him, and would absolutely be alone with the servant who nursed him. It was doubly grievous to me to know he was ill, and not be permitted to wait on him. All the troubles overwhelm me at once; we have no news of Adelaïde, my parents are in despair, my mother has the tertian ague. I am very unhappy! I would not let this courier go without answering your last letter which was so kind, but I am not in a state to write to you a longer one; your grateful and sensible heart will give you an idea of what I suffer, and much better than I can express it.

Adieu, my dear Eugene, I do not know when we shall set off, or even if we shall go!

LETTER XXIX.

The Countess de Lurcé to the Baroness de Blimont.

Castle of * * *, near Vienna, March 18.

È istinto di natura
L'amor del patrio nido [1].

I RETURN to France, my dear friend, I am erased from the *fatal list*, and raised from my *civil death*. Behold me *reinstated in all my rights;* and you ought to be very vain that a haughty Republican, a *French citizen*, should have the condescension to write to an *emigrant* like you. As to the rest, you know my plain dealing, it will never alter; since I am going to Paris, I shall carry thither the sentiments they suppose me to possess, and what my return promises. I would have the republic *one and undivided.* I would have all they wish, with the exception of disowning my parents and abandoning my friends. I shall write to those who are banished, whose letters consoled me when

[1] The love of father's home is an instinct of nature.

I was a fugitive. I shall enjoy my fortune, by partaking it with my unfortunate friends. I shall give up what I owe to my country, by not interfering with any intrigue, by sincerely desiring they may preserve the new form of government they have chosen, and that I am going to adopt myself; and I shall at the same time give what I owe to gratitude and friendship. It is absurd to think that these duties are incompatible, for an ungrateful and inhuman person can never make a good citizen. But I have the most curious circumstance to relate to you. I doubt, however, that you already know some of the particulars; no matter, you must listen to a circumstantial account of all my adventures. It is a history, the discovery of which is a little abrupt, (a fault common enough in romances which are not imaginary,) in other respects all will be found here, gratitude, disguises, declarations, &c. Listen then.

The Baroness, *my mistress*, who loitered on the way, did not arrive till last Monday. She quite longed to see *Miss Angelina*,

and she was the first person she enquired about on entering her castle: they called me, I went down, and entered the *Baroness's* room, who turning round gave as well as Lolotte a scream, flinging herself towards me with open arms. I threw myself on her neck; Lolotte clung to my gown; all this with exclamations, *It is she! Oh, heavens!* I laughed, and, to tell you the truth, wept a little also. The Baroness was charming; she is as sensible and good, as she is lovely. But here is another striking event! The door opened, and I saw one of the Baroness's people appear carrying a box, and a travelling-bag. I looked at this servant, and remained petrified, my mouth open and eyes wild, on recognising the Chevalier d'Iselin! He secretly made me a sign, which imposed on me silence; we were soon after seated at table, and the Chevalier with a napkin on his arm stationed himself behind my chair. During the supper, Lolotte remarked that I was much altered, for I begged *for something to drink* more than twenty times; it was the only wa-

in which I could be employed with my polite Chevalier; but I was a little offended at the manner in which he waited on me, no *emotion*, no *trembling*, no wine spilt, or decanter broken. On leaving the table, the Baroness sent him to bed. I questioned her about this servant: she told me he was a Pole, that she had him from her Banker at Basle, who had stopped him before he set off for England. She added, he was an excellent subject, and knew all the languages. I guessed that the Chevalier during his stay at Basle, having learnt that the Baroness had hired a servant she had never seen, had arranged with him to take his place, and in consequence returned under that title to the place appointed by her. I sat up with the Baroness till two o'clock, which did not prevent my rising by break of day the next morning; as I finished dressing, I heard somebody modestly tap at my door; it was the Chevalier. He told me he had obtained my and his recall into France, and without preamble offered me *his hand* to conduct me there.

His *declaration* was very impertinent, not one word of *flame* or of *passion;* he pretended we were both too old to think of love, esteem and *perfect friendship* was all that was demanded. I was so confounded, that I know not what my answer was; I joked, was affected, and stammered, when the Baroness came suddenly, and interrupted our conversation. She was strangely surprised to find her new Polish servant seated familiarly by my side, and holding one of my hands in his. We confided, and related all to her; she was afflicted at our separation, but rejoiced at the event that caused it. She is in rapture with the Chevalier's conduct, and wishes me to marry before my departure. It is in vain I exclaim against it, in vain I repeat that I have not given my word, that I will reflect on it. She maintains that I have decided at the bottom of my heart that I shall be united to him at Paris, and she calls that a *bad proceeding* for her. How can a poor housekeeper resist the wishes of so imperious a mistress? In short, my dear friend, this ar-

bitrary person says, that the *ceremony* shall be performed in this castle this day fortnight, and eight days after the citizens d'Iselin shall set off for Paris. Is not all this wonderful? I did not regret our past grandeur. I no longer thought of France, my new situation amused me. I saw in my retirement a happy independence, and would have remained with pleasure housekeeper in this castle all my life, and here I am taken by force from being an emigrant to return to Paris to marry again! Is not that a happy character? and it appears made expressly for the time of a revolution.

Adieu, my amiable friend; as I shall have the pleasure of again seeing you on passing ***, prepare all your commissions for Paris, and be assured I will pursue your business with the zeal of a friendship, proved and strengthened by misfortune. Adieu, think of me on *Friday, the first of April, in the middle of the day.* Oh, why cannot you be present at the feast! nothing would then be wanting to me!

LETTER XXX.

Lord Selby to Mr. d'Armilly.

Hamburgh, Tuesday, April 19, 1796.

SHE is saved! Heaven has worked a miracle for her! Adelaïde is living in perfect health, and we shall see her in a month! Ah! Sir, I have wept her death! nothing could ever have consoled me! You shall know all. I will bring you her journal, and her last letter, dated the sixth of March, and addressed to my mother. This letter has been detained by contrary winds, I have this instant received it. I cannot set off to-day, my carriage is broken. I shall start to-morrow morning; and while waiting, I send you Tony, that you may know a few hours sooner you are the happiest of fathers! Oh, how impatient I am to participate in your and Mrs. d'Armilly's happiness! What a distance it is from hence to Rarup[a]! It appears to me at this moment, that you and I are placed at the two extremities of the world! Edward is frantic with joy, our heads are turned.... we shall see her

[a] Thirty-six French leagues.

next month! My mother knows and loves her, and me! but it is at the feet of Mrs. d'Armilly that I ought to declare all I feel, and the vows I dare form! Tony is going to set off; adieu, Sir, I shall soon follow this letter.

LETTER XXXI.

Adelaïde to Lady Elizabeth.

* * * in Portugal, March 6, 1796.

Madam,

WILL you still condescend to interest yourself for the imprudent Adelaïde?... But you are so good, and I have suffered so much, that I rely on your indulgence. I am going to give you a faithful account of all that has happened to me. This letter cannot be forwarded for several days, so that I have all that time to relate the particulars of what will very much surprise you. Oh, Madam, who would have believed it! the wretched Mr. Godwin was a terrible man! a hypocrite! That is certainly the most astonishing and incomprehensible thing that I can acquaint

you with. You will no doubt think it incredible after having read my journal; but it is nevertheless a fact, and I am going to give you undoubted proofs of it.

When Mrs. Purvis and myself arrived at the sea port, from whence we were to embark, we not only did not find Mr. Godwin there, but he did not appear during the eleven days we waited for a favourable wind. At the end of that time, I was awaked one morning by Mrs. Purvis, who told me Mr. Godwin was arrived, that the wind was favourable, and we must depart without delay. She hurried me very much in dressing, it was not then daylight; when I was ready, we hastily went out, a maid with a candle lighted us; at the bottom of the stairs appeared Mr. Godwin, wrapped in a large cloak; I enquired for Mrs. Godwin, he only answered, *Come, come, let us make haste.* He took my left arm, I gave the other to Mrs. Purvis, and they dragged me from the inn; we walked so fast that I was out of breath, a sailor carrying a lantern shewed us the way. I was surprised at

trembled, however I did not suspect any thing extraordinary. Arrived at the vessel, Mrs. Purvis abruptly disengaged herself from my arm, and disappeared. At that instant two sailors seized me, lifted me up, and carried me to the vessel; I found myself in a small room, and fell on a chair, they set sail, and the vessel departed. I know not what feelings or what confused ideas made my tears fall; but I wept bitterly, when Mr. Godwin unexpectedly came in; I was struck with his manner and doleful dress, he was in deep mourning. I repeated the question I had already asked, and enquired where Mrs. Godwin was. What was my astonishment, when he answered she was no more! He thereupon related a long history, saying that this illness had prevented his joining me sooner; he added to that many particulars, and appeared greatly affected by the death of a person, whom he called *the most virtuous of women.* I was stupified, and listened without answering a word. He ended by telling me that he had brought a femme de

chambre for me; he presented her to me, and she appeared mild and honest. I was in other respects satisfied with my establishment; I had the small room in the vessel to myself, and it was agreed on that Molly (which is the name of the English girl who waited on me) should sleep there. Mr. Godwin, after our explanation, told me he would only come into my room at my dinner hour, unless I should have something to say to him, and he left me alone. I had so good an opinion of his virtue, that I firmly believed all he had told me, or rather, I did not reflect on it; notwithstanding I was moped to death, and had a very bad head ache. At ten o'clock, Molly, seeing I had nothing to do, proposed for me to go and take the air on deck, and I went with her. Mr. Godwin was not there, but I saw a man seated, who turned his back towards me. On hearing a noise, he rose up, and looked at me with astonishment. He did not recognise me at first, but I did not hesitate.... it was a deliverer, whom heavent had sent me; it was the venerable

Curate of Romeval, who had emigrated four years. I was transported with joy to meet him again, and burst into tears, for the sight of him recalled to my mind very forcibly the remembrance of my grand-mamma and my governess! I immediately told him my name: Ah, good heavens, Miss, cried he, what do you do here?—I am going to rejoin my parents.—Your parents! and they are in Holstein.—No, no, they are in Portugal.—In Portugal! you are shamefully deceived. All the newspapers for the last two years indicate the place they inhabit; I have two with me where this paragraph, which I have read so many times, is still repeated; hold, read it. "Mr. d'Armilly and his family are settled at Rarup near Sleswick, and promise two hundred guineas to whoever will give them news of their eldest daughter, of whom they have lost all traces."—Just heaven! can it be possible.—But who are you with?—With Mr. Godwin.—Mr. Godwin? a man of lost reputation?—Oh, you speak of another Godwin, this one passes for a saint.—I speak of

the one in this vessel. I knew his wife, she is in Ireland, and he has deceived and abandoned her. As the Curate said these words, Mr. Godwin and several other passengers arrived on deck. I trembled with horror and fright; I kept close to the Curate, passing my arm through his. Mr. Godwin, with an angry air, told me in English, he begged I would go down to my room immediately, as he had something to communicate to me of the greatest importance. No, Sir, answered I aloud and in French, I have found an old and faithful friend, from whom I have nothing to conceal; you may speak before him. At these words, Mr. Godwin turned pale, and addressing himself to the Curate, Well, Sir, said he, come and hear me, I will explain myself in private with you. No, no, replied my generous protector, this young Lady has placed herself under my care, I will not leave her. Oh, how this answer confounded the impostor! He became purple, his eyes sparkled, and his features were so frightful, that I shut my eyes to prevent my seeing

him; but I squeezed with all my strength the arm of the good Curate, crying out, Oh, my father, do not abandon me!—Fear nothing, said he. At that moment I felt they were trying to tear me from the arms of the Curate, and I heard all the passengers oppose this violence. I was more dead than alive, and the excess of my fears almost deprived me of my senses; however, I still heard as if at a distance shrieks, and a great commotion, and then all was quiet; and at the end of I do not know how many minutes I opened my eyes, and found myself seated between the Curate of Romeval and another elderly person in the passengers' room. My fears were quite removed on seeing these two respectable persons: after having made me drink some wine and water, the Curate related to me terrible things: there had been a sort of combat on deck; Mr. Godwin was become frantic; he wished to take me by force, saying that he was my guardian; he called his two servants, and drew a pistol from his pocket, threatening to kill every one; the Captain

of the vessel and all the passengers taking my part were very angry with him; they succeeded in disarming him, and shutting him and his two servants up in the little room. This account made me shudder, and although the danger was past, my hair stood on end on listening to the Curate. He likewise told me, that the venerable person near me was a Portuguese merchant, named Xavier. This benevolent man, (who is sixty-three years old, and very rich,) has received our Curate, and takes him to Portugal to be instructor to his son, who is at Lisbon. The Curate, from prudence to cross the sea and avoid persecution in a strange country, had by the advice of Mr. Xavier taken the name and title of an Irish Priest. Mr. Xavier made me the most generous offers. He told me, he would lodge me at his sister's in Lisbon, and that at the end of March, he would reconduct me to England, where he should be obliged to return on business; in the mean time, he would take upon himself to forward my letters, and advance me as much money

as I should require. This conversation was interrupted by the passengers, ten in number, who came into the room; I thanked them for their kindness to me, they were all very benevolent to me, and shewed me one who had a black eye by a blow from Mr. Godwin, which affected me extremely. I offered to put on his eye a compress of salt and water, he would not have it. It was the person who, throwing himself on Mr. Godwin, had disarmed him; he was young, spoke all languages, but very indifferently; he appeared poor, his features were mild and pleasant, and his black eye did not make him the less interesting to me. The Curate and myself suspected he was an emigrant, although he gave himself out as a Scotchman, and called himself John Burkley. I was known only by the name of Cordelia in the vessel, but as I had no interest in concealment, the Curate in the course of conversation, speaking of me, made use of my family name. At the name of *d'Armilly*, young Burkley started, crying out, Good God! He blushed, and was immediately silent,

which caused me great curiosity; but I dared not say any thing. I remarked that he became thoughtful, and very melancholy. Molly came in the common room. I would not allow her to wait on me longer, because she was given me by Mr. Godwin; however, I believe she was innocent; I gave her some money, and they promised to take her back to England. The passengers went from time to time to listen at Mr. Godwin's door; who, after having made a great racket, and raved, was fallen into such a total dejection of spirits, that the people thought he was dead. The Captain, attracted by their cries, answered through the door, that if he were dead, he did not want for assistance; however, they entered his room, the surgeon found this unfortunate man in a dreadful state, and with a violent fever; he bled him twice in the day. When night came on, and we were obliged to go to bed, it appeared very strange and sad to me to sleep in a room, where there were so many men. I chose my bed between those of my protectors, the Curate

and Mr. Xavier, and slept almost dressed, which is what I always did. I slept very ill, and was still afraid of Mr. Godwin; and as soon as I fell asleep, I dreamt that he was going to take me, and awoke in sudden surprise, calling loudly for the Curate. The next morning, the Surgeon told us that Mr. Godwin was very ill, and would not recover. He was agitated, sighed, and wept, but was no longer in a passion. I pitied him, and prayed that God would restore him to health, and correct him of his vices. Religion enjoins us to pray even for our enemies, so it was my duty to make that prayer: yet, I acknowledge, I did not wish his health and strength to be re-established during our voyage. I should rather know he was weak and ill, and unable to leave his bed. At ten o'clock in the morning, he sent me my portmanteau and boxes that were in his room; and an hour after he sent for the Curate, who went to him immediately. During that time, Mr. Xavier took me on deck; I seated myself by his side, he read and I knit. John Burkley came to-

wards me, and I saw he wished to speak to me, and by way of entering into conversation with him, I enquired for the second time that day how his eye was; he answered me in French, (a language which Mr. Xavier does not understand,) that his eye was not well, because he had been crying all night; I was troubled that he spoke French to me, as I did not think it proper on account of Mr. Xavier; the latter being my mentor, I wished him to hear all I said; however, I did not venture to answer in English, for fear it should expose this young man. I remained silent. He continued: What causes my sorrow is to see you here alone ... and then I acknowledge I heard several words you said to the Pastor, (it was thus they called the Curate.) Ah! Miss! if you knew who I am! ... Oh, Sir, said I in English, if you wish to confide to me a secret, I will receive it with gratitude, provided you tell it before Mr. Xavier.... Here Mr. Xavier, taking off his spectacles, and placing his book on his knees, looked at us both. Well, Miss, replied John, I

consent to it. I am going to tell you my secret. I am a Frenchman, and the only son of Mrs. Roussel ... At these words, I was near fainting; I did not shed tears, but the shock and surprise caused a dreadful oppression; Mr. Xavier gave me some eau-de-luce to smell to, and John fetched me a glass of water. I quickly recovered, and burst into tears; I explained all in a few words to Mr. Xavier; John returned, and I began to weep again, saying to him, Alas! I am the cause of your no longer having a mother! .....He told me it would be a great consolation to him if I would consent to take him into my service.. Mr. Xavier interrupted him, to tell him, that if he really was the son of my governess, could prove it, and shew proper certificates, that might be arranged; but it would be necessary for that to apply to the Pastor, who would decide it. I thought this answer a little harsh; as for me, I should have given my promise immediately; nevertheless, Mr. Xavier acted prudently; this young man might have been an impostor; was not Mr. God-

win one? I believe, however, that such monsters are a sort of phenomena, that it is almost impossible to meet with two in one's life-time.

The Curate returned. He informed us that the unfortunate Mr. Godwin was in the greatest agony, that he evinced great terror and repentance, and that he had charged him to obtain my pardon for all his deceit. I immediately sent word to the poor man all that I thought would afford the most consolation. Afterwards I told the Curate of the meeting I had just had with Mrs. Roussel's son. He interrogated John, (whose real name was Baptiste,) and saw all his papers, which did not leave a doubt of his sincerity and good conduct. The young man was brought up by the Count of * * *, who afterwards made him his valet, and took him to St. Domingo, of which place he was governor. The Count of * * * returned to France at the commencement of the revolution, and retired to his estates, where Baptiste followed him. They lived there peaceably enough for some time,

and then the Count of*** was imprisoned, and Baptiste voluntarily confined himself to wait upon him there. It was at that time I sent the good father Roussel to my parents in Switzerland; during his absence, the Count of *** was brought to the scaffold. Baptiste was set at liberty, but being driven to despair by the death of his master and benefactor, he immediately emigrated. I escaped at the same time, and Mrs. Roussel only learnt three days before our flight that her son was free, and was not informed of his emigration. I never saw Baptiste, because he was always with the Count of ***; but I often heard him spoken of by his mother, who said he was always very prudent and virtuous. So I am certain my parents will approve of my receiving an unfortunate countryman, a good subject, and the son of a person to whom I have owed so much gratitude, and whose memory is so dear to me.

Mr. Godwin, knowing that I had discharged Molly, sent her fifty guineas. He likewise ordered money to be distri-

buted among the sailors, and then he every day sent for the Curate, who spent two hours with him every morning; but he had not yet confessed. At length, finding that his health still became worse, he determined to confess, but he would absolutely that I should see him, and assure him myself that I forgave him. The Curate conducted me to him; I trembled, and was affected to hear a man of that age and dying ask my forgiveness!...I wept: he was also moved, and finished by saying these words to me: I have given up all to my passions, and never tasted one moment of real happiness, and the horror of my last days is inexpressible? There is on earth but one real blessing, and it is that which a good conscience procures. Be always thankful to God for having given you virtuous parents and instructors, and believe that no favour from Providence is to be compared to that. This unhappy man was very repentant; I also listened to his discourse with a great deal of respect, and I even wrote it in my

pocket book before I went to bed, that I might not forget it.

We were just at the end of our voyage, Mr. Godwin was still alive, and even better, and they began to think he might recover, when we had a terrible storm, which continued for two days. In the evening of the first day, every one was horribly sick, and Mr. Godwin, not being able to support this agitation and continual vomitings, died suddenly. He sent for the Curate, who told me he never saw a person in a more dreadful agony, for this unfortunate man despaired of the mercy of God, and his terror made all shudder who approached him. He died in the morning of the second day's storm. I hope that God, on account of his remorse, has pardoned his faults.

However, the storm still lasted, and its violence increased every instant. I was so sick that I was scarcely uneasy from the danger. What alarmed me the most, was the cracking of the vessel; I expected every moment it would come

asunder. When night came on, it was still more frightful. At eleven o'clock in the evening, the main mast broke, and a passenger coming into the room, abruptly told us we must perish. Mr. Xavier scolded him for it, and all the young passengers went out to assist; Mr. Xavier and the Curate, notwithstanding their age, had worked the whole of the day.... The noise ceased a little, and I thought the danger diminished; the emotion I had just felt took off the sea sickness. I raised myself up on my seat, for I had been lying on a counterpane on the floor; I perceived my little box of jewels which had rolled near me; as it was only fastened with a spring, I opened it, and put on my fingers the rings which had been given me by my parents; I likewise put on the ring which Lady Charlotte had given me, and the bracelets which had been presented to me by Lady Elizabeth. I do not mention my little cross of rubies, because I wear that day and night. The Curate was surprised at what I was amusing myself with; I told him smiling,

that if we had the misfortune to run aground, I wished to preserve with me all the little trifles which affection and gratitude rendered valuable. I only thought then of joking; nevertheless, it did not appear to me impossible, and I was pleased with the idea that I should preserve these gifts of friendship, or at least wear them when I died. At the end of half an hour, the wind increased with incredible violence; a passenger came in, and said the Captain was at his wits' end, which was but too true. We heard terrible cries and lamentations; we saw afterwards that we were lost. Mr. Xavier turned towards the Curate, and said gravely to him, *Pastor, give us your last blessing.* At these words I placed myself on my knees, the Curate blessed us. I had confessed in the morning, had received absolution, and my conscience was very easy. The remembrance of my parents troubled me, but I prayed that God would console them; I thought that life, compared to eternity, was but an instant, and that I should soon find in the

bosom of God all I loved, that we should be all re-united in heaven, and for ever.... The Curate who was by my side, held my hand. This worthy man exhorted us all to death. Surely he was inspired, he spoke in a supernatural manner, and with a mildness and feeling that went to the soul. I pressed his hand from time to time, I listened to him with delight, and was so affected with what he said, that I felt myself disunited from life; I thought I saw God extending his paternal arms.— If I had never felt it, I should never have been able to form an idea of what the approach of death is.... Now I know what it is for those who love God; it is a consolation to me to think that my respected grandmother and my poor governess died thus, and consequently they did not suffer.

We were in the situation I have just described, till a quarter past two in the morning. We were near land, without knowing it; the vessel was suddenly dashed on the strand, stove, and wrecked.... I cannot describe what I felt, what passed, or what I did.... I can only

recollect one thing besides the dreadful noise, and that is, it appeared to me as if I received a terrible blow on the head and a violent shake of the stomach. But it was only imagination, for I received no hurt.... I found myself in total darkness, stretched on something cold and damp.... it was the shore.... I did not know where I was, or whether I was awake or dreaming.... I dared not move.... I was extremely cold.... I felt rain, which gave me the first distinct idea; afterwards I thought I was in the air, but not on deck, as I felt no longer a motion. I said to myself, We are wrecked, and I am on land, and saved! and I thanked God: my tears fell; I cried out, Oh mamma! oh my father! oh beloved family!! I may see you again!!.... This moment was delightful..... I resumed my courage, but I was bruised, I could not quite get up, and wishing to come farther on land, I felt with my hands, and crawled on my knees. In a few minutes I felt grass, which gave me extreme pleasure; I afterwards advanced with more quickness and assurance,

but I suddenly found a chasm, a frightful precipice, and fell rolling down, without having strength or idea of stopping myself. This time I really thought it was the last moment of my life; I said, *Oh God! receive my spirit*: and continued going, crossing my arms so as to defend my face, which I did without a thought, and which perhaps prevented my being disfigured; the skin was torn off my hands and arms, and I did not have one scratch in the face. I rolled very fast, but without pain, at least I do not remember any; all that I recollect is, that I heard a kind of humming very loud; but it was an illusion, for as soon as I stopped the noise ceased. On discontinuing to roll, I found myself lying on some branches of a tree[b]. I thought myself at the bottom of the precipice. I was much surprised that I was not dead, but I did not feel much joy, because I could not hope ever to get out from thence, and I thought I had a leg fractured; it gave me great pain, and

[b] It will soon be seen by a note that this account is not fabulous.

I could not move it. However, at the end of a few minutes I reflected that every thing is possible with God; and hope returned.... I determined to remain quietly where I was till day light, and it is that which saved me. It no longer rained, the cold was not excessive, and the thick branches that surrounded me formed a kind of shelter; notwithstanding, I suffered extremely, and the time seemed very long. At length day light appeared, when I could distinguish objects; I gently raised myself, and looked around me. I saw the bushes had stopped me half way down the precipice; I discovered with horror below a frightful abyss, covered with rocks; that is to say, I found myself suspended in this gulf, retained only by shrubs.... I was frozen with terror; I joined my hands and said, *Oh God! you alone can extricate me from this!*... and I wept.... I put my hands in the branches, that I might fix myself firmly in my place. In this movement, I met with several thorns under the leaves, which pricked me; I looked at the shrub

on which I was placed, and which had saved my life; it was a large wild rose tree, covered with white roses in full bloom[c]. I recollected the *rose tree at Romeval,* and I made a vow to the Blessed Virgin, and promised, that if I got out of this precipice, I would have a little stone column erected, like that which was destroyed at Romeval, that I would surround it with white rose trees, and that when I was not absent I would repeat a prayer every morning in memory of my deliverance. After having made this vow, I felt myself quite another person. I relied with a lively faith on Divine protection, and resumed a strength really supernatural. I raised my eyes, and found it would be impossible to ascend without assistance. After some reflection, I began to scream out several times; an echo only answered me, which grieved, but did not discourage me. I renewed it more than twenty times, and still without success. It fatigued me very much. I had a very sore throat, and besides a

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The shepherds carried me to the nearest cottage, and assisted me to their utmost. I recovered the use of my senses, but not my recollection. I was in a burning fever, and dreadful delirium. We were eighteen miles from Lisbon, and four from a small town, from whence the herdsmen sent for a surgeon, who came the next day; he found me too weak and ill to be removed to the town; but he remained three days in the cottage, and was very attentive to me. On the third day the good Curate of Romeval and Mr. Xavier likewise escaped from the wreck, as well as several others, discovered where I was, and came to me immediately. They found me still without knowledge, and the surgeon told them that he could not, at present, answer for my life. Mr. Xavier, who only stopped at the little town to enquire if I still lived, left the Curate with me, promising to send some money, which he did on reaching Lisbon. The Curate ordered linen furniture, and all that was necessary, to be procured for me, and he watched over and waited on me with the

most tender affection. The second day of his taking up his abode with me, he had the pleasure of seeing young Baptiste Roussel arrive, who shewed me, on this occasion, every possible proof of attachment. I was for six days between life and death; at the end of that time, I regained by degrees my recollection. My joy was extreme, on again seeing the Curate and Baptiste, but they prohibited my speaking. I left my bed for the first time on the 23d of February, and two days after I was quite convalescent. I am now in perfect health; it is only three days that they have allowed me to apply myself to any thing, or write, and I immediately began this letter.

The shepherds of this cottage are the best people in the world; the family consists of the man, his wife, and five children, two girls and three boys. Government, informed of my adventure, have sent me clothes, linen, and a great deal of money. I began by returning to Mr. Xavier all I owed him, and then I paid off handsomely the surgeon and good

herdsmen, who had taken so much care of me. It was the people of the cottage who drew me from the precipice; they are quite satisfied with what I have given them. I shall never forget what I owe them, and I intend sending them every year a small present, to remind them of their good action. I wished to see the cow, who, by straying, had conducted my deliverers to the edge of the precipice. I every day drink a glass of her milk, which seems to me better than all the rest. I made the herdsmen promise that they would never kill this cow; and would have given them a small sum expressly for that purpose, which they refused, saying, the same reason that made me like the cow, would also attach them to it. Baptiste, who understands Portuguese, served me as an interpreter. He has thought of a pretty idea for me; he took a fancy to purchase the bell which was suspended on the cow's neck, because it was the sound of that bell which gave me courage and hope. He purposes giving this bell to mamma.

The first time I was able to take the air, I begged to go to the side of the precipice, which is very near us. I went there early in the morning with the Curate. The weather was very fine. On approaching the precipice my heart beat violently, and when I was at the brink, I fell on my knees, and thanked God with my whole heart; my face was bathed with tears, and the good Curate likewise wept. The shepherds had had some wooden stools carried there; we sat down. I leant over the precipice, and saw the white rose tree; we could still distinguish the place I had occupied for two or three long hours, the branches and leaves were all broken in that place. We remarked, that if I had fallen fifteen steps farther, I should have met with rocks that would have killed me, and in every other part of the brink I should have fallen to the bottom of this abyss. How I ought to admire Divine Providence! Oh, my child! said the Curate to me, never forget for what purpose you were saved! it is not to please a frivolous world, it is, that you

may give an example of a pure and holy life. Your days, redeemed by a miracle, ought all to be consecrated to virtue. If you should swerve from this happy way, it would be a thousand times better for you, and those who love you, that you should have perished in the waves, or at the bottom of this gulf; you would then leave behind you an affecting remembrance, and to die innocent is a fate the most worthy of envy.—Yes, my father, replied I, yes, I promise before God, at the edge of this precipice, from which his goodness has released me, to live that I may praise and serve him, and to follow until death the sacred precepts of religion.—That will be living in happiness, answered the Curate, for it is only to be found in virtue. But to keep this salutary promise, you will require advice and a guide for some time. At your age, a pure heart is not sufficient to conduct itself. Have you not been so imprudent as to place yourself in the hands of a villain, who meditated your ruin? What would have become of you, if Mr. Xavier had

not been in the vessel? Guard then against presumption, which has ruined many well-bred young people; know that all the intelligence in the world cannot make up for experience, and consult on every occasion parents who adore you, and persons of a mature age and irreproachable reputation. Thus spoke this venerable and worthy pastor, all his discourses are for ever engraven on my memory. Since that day, I have not once failed to accompany him every morning at sun rise, and repeat my first prayer at the brink of the precipice; we both kneel down, we each pray in private at first, afterwards the Curate recites in French psalms or hymns.

Mr. Xavier wished me to go to Lisbon till the time of our departure, which will not be before the month of May, because he now fears the storms of March and April. But I feel myself so well in the cottage with my good Curate, that I shall leave it only to embark. As poor Baptiste is very weary here, which is natural, having neither society or occupation, I

have sent him to Lisbon; he will not return until he fetches me in a coach that will take us to the sea port, from whence we shall embark. After all that has happened to me, I require solitude and repose; I wish not to lose the conversation or advice of my venerable mentor. I walk a great deal, write and draw, which is all I can do here.

This, Madam, is an exact account of all that has happened to me. I take the liberty of requesting you to send this letter to my parents when you have read it. I take the liberty likewise of inclosing in this packet, under your address, letters for my father, my mother, and my brothers and sisters. The Curate assures me that mamma is settled at Rarup near Sleswick, and thirty-six miles from Hamburgh. He thinks, that the most safe means to forward these letters, is to put them under your care. He imagines that you will have the goodness to send them to a banker at Hamburgh, charging him with them. May I again presume, Madam, to beg you will forward the copy of

my journal to my parents, for the original perished with the vessel. I should still wish the little note for Mrs. Purvis, inclosed in the packet, to be forwarded to her. That kind and civil person, who was, like myself, dupe to Mr. Godwin's hypocrisy, will be very glad to hear I have escaped so many dangers, and I owe her this proof of remembrance and gratitude.

We shall set off in the beginning of May, and go to London, where my first care, Madam, shall be to come and repeat my thanks for all your generous kindnesses. I shall then set off for Hamburgh under the conduct of the Curate of Romeval, who wishes to take me himself to Rarup.

If you will condescend to write to me immediately, I shall receive your answer before our departure. I should be very happy, Madam, to receive a letter from you, and would keep it as long as I live.

I am, with respect, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

Edward d'Armilly to Eugene de Vilmore.

Hamburgh, April 25, 1796.

DEAR Eugene, I am the happiest of men. I have already informed you, that we have had excellent news of my sister, of our incomparable and dear Adelaïde! but attend to what has happened to me within the last five days.

Lord Arthur and myself set off for Rarup the 20th of this month; Tony went a day before. On arriving at the post office in Sleswick, at eight o'clock in the evening, they said two persons were waiting for us; we entered the parlour, and I perceived my father. I threw myself into his arms, and felt some one behind me, who sighed; I turned round, and saw my cousin, my dear Augustus! You may judge of my surprise and joy! My father is recalled to France, which he especially owes to the care of Mr. d'Elsenne. The latter would himself be the bearer of this happy news; he proposed to my aunt de Palmene to take this journey with him,

which she accepted: they obtained the necessary passports, and without apprising us set off together, with Adrienne and Augustus. They reached Rarup a day before us.

We immediately left Sleswick, my father went with Lord Selby in his carriage, and I with Augustus in my father's one-horse chaise. You will readily believe we did not want for conversation during the ride, which was five miles. I had so many things to tell and ask of this dear friend, about Adrienne, my aunt, and himself! He told me, that the interview between my mother and my aunt was very affecting, as well as that of Mr. d'Elsenne, my parents, and his daughter. Tony reached Rarup some hours after my aunt; my mother, on reading Lord Selby's letter, experienced such a revolution of joy, that it turned the tertian ague; she has not had it since, and is wonderfully well.

We reached the mill at Rarup at three quarters past ten; the whole family came from the cottage, as soon as they heard

carriages; it was very dark, but I threw myself on the neck of all I met, and embraced all around me. My aunt called me, I recollected her voice, and flew towards her; she pressed me in her arms; and my father begged us to enter the house. I was astonished! we entered . . . I took my aunt's hand, kissed it, and wept. Adrienne supported her mother on the other side. Oh, how much I found her grown and improved! She is charming, and fourteen years of age; I am one year and twenty-eight days older, and shall be fifteen on the fifteenth day of next month. My aunt said to me, My Edward, embrace your cousin. We embraced, and shed tears. Oh, dear Eugene, what sweet moments! What pure felicity is it to find in one's family the object of one's tenderest affection, and to love to the end of life those one has cherished from the cradle! My aunt presented me to Mr. d'Elsenne, who gave me a thousand caresses; it was a delightful sight to me to see this former enemy become the most ardent friend to those he so much hated, and to see him

take such a tender interest in what concerns us. I have also partaken of his and Gabrielle's joy; she is an amiable girl, and very sensible. Scarcely had we entered the little parlour, when my father and mother, taking Lord Selby by the hand, conducted him to the study, where my mother, embracing Lord Selby, asked him if he had nothing to say to her? He answered with extreme emotion, Alas! can I still request it? you are recalled; could you consent to be separated from such a daughter? Yes, for her happiness, replied my mother. You alone appear to us worthy of her; what signify other considerations? and the greatest gratitude is added to this determination. At these words, Lord Selby threw himself at my mother's feet: he was in a state of inexpressible joy. On re-entering the parlour, he appeared quite different; he came up to me, and squeezed my hand; I guessed what had passed. He was presented to my aunt, who embraced him, as did Adrienne, Juliette, and Miss d'Elsenne, for the latter will be always considered as one of Ad-

laïde's sisters. Pierrot and Gogo were afterwards sent to bed. All this passed in less than a quarter of an hour: it was eleven o'clock; my mother was seated between Lord Selby and Mr. d'Elsenne, Gabrielle placed herself at the feet of my mother, holding her hand, and that of her father, kissing them alternately; I was placed between my aunt and Adrienne, Augustus sat on a corner of my chair. How happy I was! Lord Selby read Adelaïde's last letter, but began at the end, for without this precaution my mother would never have supported herself during the affecting particulars which it contained, although we had repeated to her that Adelaïde was out of danger, and in perfect health. During the reading of it, my mother was ten times on the point of being ill; every one shed tears, I wept as well as the rest, notwithstanding I had read the letter several times before; but I shall never read it again without emotion, and besides, I enjoyed the astonishment and admiration of those who heard this recital for the first time. Lord Selby then

read several detached pieces of the journal; he chose them without turning over the leaves; for since this journal has been in his hand, (and that is some time,) he has done nothing but read it, and knows it by heart from one end to the other. How delightful was this reading to me! At every instant Lord Selby was interrupted to admire the angelic character of my sister, and he was so affected, as to be often obliged to suspend this interesting reading. And my father and mother what was their emotion, their happiness! Happy, a thousand times happy the children beloved of heaven, who can procure such enjoyment to the authors of their being! The next day they perused and reperused the whole of the journal, and then the letter, and that was the occupation for the whole day. It was determined on, that my father, Lord Selby, and myself, should set off the following day for Hamburgh, and then on to England, that we might go and wait for Adelaïde. My mother would like to have gone with us, but that would increase the

difficulty, as my father will go under a feigned name. Mr. d'Elsenne returns to Paris in six days; he leaves his daughter, that she may see Adelaïde, whom we shall bring to my mother, and who will remain three months with her. My aunt will not leave till after the arrival of Adelaïde. As soon as we have placed her in the arms of her mother, my father and myself, my aunt and her children, Pierrot and Gabrielle, shall set off for Paris; as for Juliette, she will remain with my mother, who will not join us till the month of September. My mother is going to settle in the environs of Hamburgh. Lord Selby, knowing there was a pretty country house to be sold at Wandsbeck, charged his banker to purchase it; he gave this commission before he went to Rarup; his intention was to offer this asylum to my parents, at least, to prevail on them to live there, as he was then ignorant of their recall. The house is purchased, and my mamma and aunt will go there immediately, to wait for my sister.

As to ourselves, my dear Eugene, we

cannot embark for several days, because my mother has made my father and Lord Selby promise that we would go and return in a neutral vessel, and that which leaves the earliest does not set sail before next Saturday or even Sunday.

How long the time appears to me before the arrival of my sister, and not to me only, but to my parents! How much will my mother suffer! for who can conceive anxieties, to which a mother's heart is susceptible! Would you believe it, my friend, that my mother is terrified in knowing my sister is in this peaceful hut? In the first place, because she thinks the cottage must be *damp and unhealthy*, which she says is very dangerous in the recovery from an illness; and then she cannot, without terror, think of Adelaïde's going to say her prayers *on the edge of that abyss.* In vain did we tell her, that when Adelaïde said that she threw herself on her knees *at the edge of the precipice*, it was merely a manner of speaking, and must not be taken literally, and that we certainly could not suppose the Curate would approve of

her going every morning to expose herself to the danger of again falling into the pit. At this my mother smiled; she is delighted that they prove how little foundation she has for her fears; but a moment after she says, sighing, that the Curate would have done better if he had conducted my sister to Lisbon; and if my sister were at Lisbon, my poor mother would still find some kind of inquietude equally strange. She is, notwithstanding, extremely courageous, and possessed of superior reason when her children are not concerned; and such is the mother's heart. Oh, how we ought to cherish so tender and perfect a friend! what ingratitude and folly to neglect her, and not to confide every thing to her!

Adieu, my dear Eugene. I shall certainly have the pleasure of embracing you in ten or twelve days. I have spoken of you with Augustus and Adrienne, who send you many kind wishes.

LETTER XXXIII.

Juliette to Edward.

Wandsbeck, May 6.

WE did not reach this place until yesterday, my dear brother. Mamma has no longer the fever, but she is exceedingly agitated. The good people at the mill were very sorry to part with us; I was affected with their friendship. We went the last evening, and the evening preceding, to take our leave of Rarup, Dolrott, and Brevel. All the farmer's family at Brevel were assembled, they gave us some excellent cream. The good Lena caressed us very much; the whole of this family are as obliging as they are virtuous. We shall never forget a country where we have found such generous hospitality, and where we have received such proofs of interest and friendship. After having taken tea and coffee with the farmer and his wife, we went for a walk in their pretty garden. Unfortunately the wind had been high the night before, and you know that this garden, situated on an eminence i-

more exposed to the wind than that at Rarup, which is low, and sheltered by large woods. Mamma in walking perceived several branches broken. Good God, said she, there has been *a dreadful tempest!* and the tears came into her eyes. She thought of my sister, whom she supposed on the sea; although after what she informed us, it is natural to suspect she was not there at that time. But now that Adelaïde may, in fact, have embarked, what mamma suffers is incredible. When it is windy (and that is so common in this country) she neither sleeps nor eats, and scarcely speaks. Miss Benoit tells me, she gets up every night to open a window, and see what weather it is. My aunt says every thing that she can think of reasonable, but has no effect. At other times mamma vexes herself, because my sister has no femme de chambre; yesterday it entered her head, that there might be thieves in the country where Adelaïde is, and that knowing she had received money from government, they might attack the cottage. In short, dear Edward,

you have no idea of all that passes in the head of this good mother, and how much she is to be pitied at this time. I am even very certain that she does not tell us all, and that she has many thoughts, which she conceals from us. The state she is in troubles us, and I am very uneasy. Ah, dear Edward, how much children ought to love their parents! how can they discharge the benefits they receive, and make amends for the uneasiness they have caused them? Our dear Adelaïde is an angel, a mother could not desire a more affectionate, charming, or accomplished daughter, and yet what uneasiness and grief has she not caused our parents! how many tears have they shed for her! and how many mamma still sheds! But mamma says, that notwithstanding all the trouble which is inseparable from the situation of a mother, a mother is happy while her children conduct themselves well. What an encouragement to love and follow virtue! Oh! how can any one swerve from their duty, when he knows their ill conduct will cause trouble to

those who gave them birth! Besides, virtue is so beauteous! it prescribes duties so natural and mild! piety, gratitude, goodness, and fidelity in one's engagements, is not all that engraven in all hearts that are not perverted and unnatural?

I read over every day my sister's journal, such a lecture will not be useless to me; what a happiness to find in one's family so perfect an example! I shall, no doubt, never possess her talents, her sense, or her graces; but what does that matter, if I possess her virtues? It is not her accomplishments that make her history interesting; what excites admiration and rapture, is her prudence, piety, ingenuousness, her affection to our parents, her gratitude to Mrs. Roussel; in short, it is her mind. And these are the qualities that I may attain in the same degree; yes, I shall possess them, it is all the ambition of my heart.

Adieu, my Edward, you are happy, you will see this beloved sister before us. Oh, what a moment it will be to us, when

we receive the letter which announces her arrival!

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. d'Armilly to Mrs. d'Armilly.

London, Monday, May 16, 1796.

SHE is arrived! Adelaïde is here, and in perfect health; she is much grown, and pretty as an angel; she has not *again fallen down the precipice*, or suffered *a second shipwreck*. She is here before my eyes! she writes to you! Ah, my dear love, how happy we are! It is impossible to describe how affecting she was! Lord Selby adores her. He finds her more charming than all your portraits; he says, there does not exist a painter who can give her look, and smile, and the expression of her countenance, when she cries; but you will have the particulars by the next courier. This note and Adelaïde's will satisfy you. The post is going. Adieu, my dear, my happy friend, to whom I owe so much felicity;

believe, that I shall not perfectly enjoy my happiness, until I know you have received this note.

She is not thin, she is grown a head taller, and has a colour. In my next letter I will inform you of the day of our departure. Adieu, I am going to look at her and to listen to her.

LETTER XXXV.

Edward to Mrs. d'Armilly.

London, May 20.

My dear mamma,

MY father has charged me to inform you of all the particulars, and they are too well imprinted on my mind to omit a single one.

We every morning at ten o'clock go down to Lady Elizabeth's apartment to take tea. As we were there last Monday, at eleven o'clock, a note was brought to Lady Elizabeth; she opened it, and cried out, It is from her! it is a note from Adelaïde! Judge, dear mamma, our joy;

Adelaïde arrived at an inn, begged to know of Lady Elizabeth at what hour she could receive her. The bearer of the note was desired to come in; it was Baptiste Roussel himself. My father and myself embraced him. He was asked a thousand questions at once, Lady Elizabeth ordered her horses, Lord Selby sent for a coach, and gave orders to every one, the whole house was in motion, we knew not what we said or what we did. At length, Lady Elizabeth begged silence, which she obtained, (but not without difficulty;) she said, that the sudden appearance of my father might cause a shock dangerous to my sister. She proposed to go with Lord Selby to fetch her, and to prepare her by degrees. The proposal was accepted. It was agreed on, that my father and myself should remain in a little study adjoining the parlour, and that when Adelaïde arrived we should wait until Lord Selby should come to fetch us. Lady Elizabeth and her son departed; they arrived at the inn, where Adelaïde, the Curate, and Mr. Xavier lodged. The

latter had been gone out a quarter of an hour. My sister, on perceiving Lady Elizabeth, threw herself in her arms with that grace and sensibility which you know she possesses. She afterwards looked with timidity, and an appearance of surprise, at Lord Selby. She made him a very low curtsey, which Lord Selby returned very *awkwardly*, as he pretends, and Lady Elizabeth said, That is my son. I recognized him, Madam, replied Adelaïde, and she blushed. She then immediately introduced the Curate of Romeval, adding, It is one of my deliverers I present to you. And to us a dear friend, resumed Lord Selby, advancing towards him, and squeezing his hand, which he shook heartily, as the English do when they are moved and affected. Lord Selby had tears in his eyes; Adelaïde looked at him with astonishment, and again blushed. All this passed in a room at the inn. Lady Elizabeth pressed Adelaïde and the Curate to go with her; they would both have written a note to Mr. Xavier, but Lady Elizabeth objected to it; they left Baptiste to invite

him to dinner, and tell him all that had passed; they then set off. The Curate and Lord Selby were in the front of the carriage, and Lord Selby looked at my sister, and still pressed the Curate's hand. Adelaïde said, she did not receive Lady Elizabeth's answer, so that she was not acquainted with any thing, and was absolutely ignorant of our connexion with Lord Selby. Lady Elizabeth said to her, I see that the joy and emotion of my son astonish you, (here Adelaïde blushed for the tenth or eleventh time, but I have forgotten the number, for which I beg my mamma's pardon;) but, continued Lady Elizabeth, it is because he is intimately acquainted with your parents.—Oh, heavens; he has seen them!—Yes, and for the last two years my heart has shared all their troubles, and I now participate in their happiness!—And are they in good health? When did you leave them? And my brothers and sisters? And where are they?—You will see them all in perfect health, and in a few days.—Ah, Sir! Ah, Madam!—On saying these words, Adelaïde

in tears hid her face on Lady Elizabeth's shoulder. For this time, instead of colouring, she turned pale, and Lord Selby was alarmed, and said, Good God, is she not ill? She thanked him for his anxiety by such an affecting look, that it would require more than a page to repeat all Lord Selby told me concerning it; in short, it was a look that expressed a million of things, and that he will never forget as long as he lives. She recovered her natural colour, and continued asking a number of questions. Lord Selby told her, I had passed a year with him, that we had travelled in the north in search of her; this account caused a second look full of gratitude, and Adelaïde again wept, and again hid her face on Lady Elizabeth's shoulder. Lord Selby quickly related the meeting with Emilie, Countess d'Harfeld, which greatly affected my sister. At that moment the carriage stopped before the house; we were on the watch; imagine to yourself, mamma, what we felt in that instant! We ran to the side of the stairs, we concealed ourselves behind a folding door,

which my father partly opened, and we heard her sweet voice, and saw her pass. Lady Selby had her arm, Lord Selby on the other side gave her his hand, the venerable Curate followed them. She had a linen frock on, a blue sash, her beautiful hair was fastened with a comb; she is beautiful as the day. When we lost sight of her, my father pressed me in his arms, and we burst into tears! We regained the study, and went close to the door which leads to the parlour; we could hear every thing. Lady Elizabeth took my sister on her knees, and with inexpressible tenderness, prepared her to see us. Lord Selby said, Shall I go and fetch them? Heavens! cried my sister, they are then here! At that instant my father opened the door, and we hastened into the parlour. Adelaïde, astonished, flung herself at my father's feet, who raised her, and took her to his arms. She sobbed, cried, trembled, and repeated, *And mamma! mamma!* They carried her to an arm chair, and every one at the same time explained to her that you could not come, but were at Ham-

burgh with my aunt and the rest of the family, that you waited her there, and that she will see you in a few days.— She then embraced us, pressed us, and kissed with transport my father's hand; she cried out, Oh, how happy I am! but she wept so violently as to be alarming, and was exceedingly oppressed. Lady Elizabeth unfastened her clothes, and made her drink a glass of water: at length she was calmed. My father, who also began to breathe, and come a little to himself, was taken up with the Curate, and testified all the gratitude with which he was penetrated. This worthy man loves my sister with a truly paternal affection, he has related to us a vast number of traits of her, which would affect you, dear mamma, but which it is impossible to give an account of in a single letter. Adelaïde, with a character as perfect as her mind is pure and sensible, is beloved by all who know her; the Curate says, that Mr. Xavier, a virtuous and benevolent man, but naturally reserved, has never felt enraptured with any one but her; in short, dear mamma,

every one sees our Adelaïde as we see her. Mr. Xavier came at four o'clock, he was received as one of Adelaïde's deliverers deserved to be, and he sincerely participated in our joy. We seated ourselves at table at five o'clock; no one eat, all eyes were fixed on one object, we could not refrain from looking at her. Several *healths* were drank, and yours, mamma, was the first, and then that of my aunt, Adrienne, Juliette, and all the children, and afterwards several other *toasts; peace with France* was not forgotten. Mr. Xavier, with a gravity that is natural to him, proposed one, which was very much applauded: it was this, *To all those Emigrants whom the spirit of party has not rendered unjust or vindictive.*

An hour after dinner my father took Adelaïde to a room that had been prepared for her, and talked with her alone during more than three hours. Without speaking positively to her of *marriage*, he related to her all the obligations we had received from Lord Selby; my sister listened to him with great emotion; my fa-

ther immediately informed her of our recall to France, after which, he conducted her to the parlour. The remainder of the evening my sister was a little thoughtful. Lord Selby was very uneasy; he told me the next day, he did not close his eyes the whole of the night. We passed the following day in London. In the morning my sister told my father, that before leaving England she should like, as she had intended it, to erect a little monument to the memory of Mrs. Roussel, that is to say, a simple stone with a French epitaph she had written herself, and which is extremely affecting. My father said, he must charge Lord Selby with that, and spoke to him of it before Adelaïde. Lord Selby replied, that having read my sister's journal, he had anticipated her wish in that respect, and that he had immediately written to a sculptor at Hamburgh to order this monument, which was quite ready to be put up as soon as the epitaph was added: he shewed the sketch of it, which was a little column of white marble, on which was a sepulchral urn. Adelaïde

thanked Lord Selby with extreme sensibility. The monument was put up yesterday with the epitaph in the church-yard where Mrs. Roussel was interred*. My sister spent a part of that day in writing to mamma and my aunt, and some notes to my sisters, my brother, and to Adrienne. The next day she wrote to Miss d'Elsenne and the Countess d'Harfeld. In the evening she went out with my father to call on Mr. Purvis, and take a pretty present to Sarah. She felt great emotion on finding herself in that house, which so forcibly reminded her of her poor governess. Mr. Purvis, not having sent the trunk and money which had been Mrs. Roussel's to France, it was remitted to her son. On leaving Mr. Purvis's, my father, to divert my sister, took her to some shops, where she purchased a quantity of

* Another monument of this kind is still seen in England. There is a tomb in Twickenham church near London, the epitaph of which expresses, that Alexander Pope (the celebrated poet) erected this monument to the memory of *Mary Beach*, in gratitude for the care she had taken of him in his infancy.

things, in order to distribute them at Wandsbeck. On returning she found the amiable little Miss Watson in her room, which gave her great joy.

We set off on the 18th for Lord Selby's country seat. Lady Charlotte arrived there in the morning; she was really transported on seeing my sister again, and she is a very charming person. Mr. Xavier, the Curate, Miss Watson, my friend Eugene de Vilmore, and Mr. Trumann, were also of the party. This day was a very agreeable one; a harp was found in the parlour, and Adelaïde played on it like an angel, although she had spent nearly three months without practising; but she is so thoroughly acquainted with it, and has so superior a talent, that she has scarcely forgotten any thing. She made her pupil Miss Watson play, who was astonishing for her age. After that, Lady Charlotte brought a large vase full of soap and water, with some straw pipes, and begged my sister to mount a chair and make soap bubbles, that she might again see her the same as she did the first

time of going to her apartment. My sister replied, that she was much grown, and older since that time; however she made soap bubbles very elegantly, and every one else began doing the same, even Mr. Xavier. We afterwards went into the gardens, which are charming. Lord Selby offered his arm to my sister; on approaching a certain part, he quickened his pace, and conducted us to the prettiest *precipice* in the world. It is deep enough, but the declivity is so gentle, and covered with turf so thick and fine, that one might fall without fear of getting the least hurt. On the spot where Lord Selby stopped, we had a full view of the precipice, and we saw at a certain depth a beautiful rose tree covered with white roses.... My sister started, and my father telling her to look on the side of her, she immediately turned round, and saw a large white marble altar without an inscription. She looked at Lord Selby, as if to ask him what it meant, and he, answering her thoughts, It is at present, said he, only an altar *to hope*, but if hea-

ven grants every wish of my heart, you will there see the statue of the Virgin Mary, and on the altar these words will be inscribed, *The vow of Adélaïde.* At this answer, Adelaïde's face became very red, she cast her eyes down, and two tears escaped under her long eye-lashes..... Such, mamma, was Lord Selby's first declaration. We hope it will meet with your approbation, for we have been all moved with it; and the good Curate was so pleased, that he shook Lord Selby by the hand several times.

After dinner, Lord Selby resigned to my sister the branch of white roses and the gold chain given by the Countess d'Harfeld, and said on what *conditions* she sent these presents. Poor Adelaïde again blushed; but Lord Selby immediately afterwards spoke of other subjects, and proposed to dance. During the time the violins were fetched, and the people prepared to dance with us, Lady Elizabeth began playing at whist with my father, Mr. Xavier, and Mr. Trumann; she asked my sister if she liked gaming.

Oh, no, Madam, replied Adelaïde briskly, and I never shall like it. Those who knew my sister's journal, could not help smiling. Lord Selby was affected, and Adelaïde much embarrassed.

We passed on to the ball-room, and danced more than three hours. Adelaïde was at first a little perplexed with the figures; but she soon recovered herself, and they all said, that no one danced with so much grace and activity. She danced the whole time with Lord Selby, and I assure you, mamma, it was delightful to see them, even to indifferent persons. We returned to London the next morning, which was yesterday. My sister took a melancholy jaunt; she went with the Curate and Baptiste to pray and weep over Mrs. Roussel's tomb; her eyes were very red when she returned. My father at length spoke to her positively of marriage: she wept a great deal, and expressed her sorrow to be settled at such a distance from her parents; they told her peace would soon be restored, Lord Selby would purchase the Romeval estate, and spend six

months every year there. My father added, that Lord Selby had loved her before he had seen her, had chosen her while she was a fugitive and her parents banished; and in a word this man, so sensible and generous, who had been my benefactor, possessed besides every virtue that could make enlightened parents prefer such an alliance to every other. My father shewed her mamma's letters; and after having shed many tears, Adelaïde agreed that she was extremely moved with Lord Selby's merit and sentiments, and gave her consent. My father conducted her to Lady Elizabeth's arms, who is truly a second mother to her. It is impossible for me to describe Lord Selby's joy and happiness.... It is decided that the good Curate shall spend the remainder of his days with my sister; Mr. Xavier regrets it very much, but he is enchanted with the confidence that is placed in him, and in knowing that the wishes of the virtuous Curate are fulfilled. We are going again to-morrow with the same persons to spend two days at Lord Selby's country seat.

I know we shall find on the edge of the precipice a beautiful statue of the Virgin Mary, and the inscription will be engraved on the altar. Lord Selby will have that part of the garden inclosed with a hedge of *white roses*, and that will be Adelaïde's private garden.

We shall all set off for Hamburgh next Monday. The good Curate will accompany us to perform the solemn ceremony. My sister, who forgets nothing that relates to gratitude, has recollected in the midst of all this the herdsmen in Portugal, and she charged Mr. Xavier to present to them for her a chest full of things that she knows will be useful and agreeable to them. My father has had put on a handsome snuff box the portrait of my sister, which he had, and which is still a strong resemblance, and my sister gave it to Mr. Xavier. I should have, my dear mamma, many other particulars to give you; my conversation with my sister alone would fill fifteen or sixteen pages, but it consisted only in questions concerning our family, and particularly of you, my dear

mamma; I think, that when you see her, you will find her so well informed of every thing that respects you, that you will have nothing new to tell her. She has also asked me many questions of Mr. Duplessis; she is very sorry that this excellent friend could not accompany my aunt; and purposes writing to him when she is at Hamburgh.

Adieu, my dear mamma. If the winds do not oblige us to defer our departure, in ten or eleven days all your happy children will be united around you.

LETTER XXXVI.

From Mrs. d'Armilly to Lady Elizabeth.

Wandsbeck, June 4.

YES, Madam, *she is your daughter!*... the vow so dear, the irrevocable vow, has been pronounced; Lady Arthur Selby has received the nuptial benediction, and the most tender paternal and maternal blessings, at ten o'clock this morning.... This letter will not be sent for two days, but I cannot resist the desire of writing

to you: my heart wants to speak to a mother!:..Ah! Madam, what a day is this!...

I have read in a pamphlet these sentences:

"If the Almighty, who has placed man "on this earth, designed him to conceive "the idea of a celestial existence, he has "permitted him in some instances of his "youth to love ardently, to live in the "smiles of another.... Nothing wearies "in love, nothing fatigues in this inex-"haustible source of happy ideas and "emotions.... Ah! all these writers, "these great men, these conquerors, strive "to obtain one single emotion that love "pours into life by torrents."

There would be truth in these sentences, if they related to maternal love. Far from love *pouring into life by torrents* these *happy* emotions, it fills it with bitterness, even when lawful. All is egotism and personality in love; we wish to be loved solely, and to please exclusively. From hence proceed those suspicions, that jealousy, that unea---

which *pour into life torrents* the most painful, instead of which maternal love is quite disinterested. One is only desirous of a child's happiness, and to ensure it, if necessary, we separate for ever, but with pleasure! ... We enjoy all her sentiments, even those which must surpass the tenderness they have a right to expect; a fond mother contemplates with delight her daughter seated beside a beloved husband and adored children. ... Love is a tumultuous sentiment heightened by imagination; it is nothing but a passion among the savages and peasantry; maternal love is for all animated beings the most imperious, as well as the most tender and affecting of all the passions. 'Without love the creation would be annihilated; by it, man associates even with the Divinity itself, and participates in some degree in preserving his works. Hence has the Almighty designed that this passion, the only one necessary for his purposes, should alone be irresistible and sublime.' And most justly ordained it to be the inexhaustible source of the purest happiness we can taste on

earth. What other has ever produced such sweet emotions? what felicity can be compared to that of a happy mother? can there be more delightful feelings than those I experienced in reading Adelaïde's journal, her last letter, and that of Mr. Godwin's? in hearing of her arrival in London, in discovering from the shore the ship which conveyed her home, receiving her in my arms, pressing her to my heart, feeling her tears mingle with mine, hearing her voice, beholding her, and at length leading her to the altar*?... Emotions inexpressible!... is it possible, when a mother, to suppose there can exist more delightful feelings?... and the fear of losing them one day cannot alter the pleasure

* What are the enjoyments of personal pride compared with that our children procure us? can the human mind be susceptible of a more exalted sentiment than that which Messrs. de Sombreuil and Cazotte must have experienced, when their daughters, guided by heroic courage and sublime tenderness, came to snatch them from the sword of the assassins?... At length, what must have been for these two years *the torrent of happy emotions* of the mother of Madame de la Fayette, and Buonaparte, if these two persons still exist?

we feel in them; the cherished object which inspired them from the cradle, ere it had the power of sharing our affection, will procure them to us to the end of life. Of what consequence is the loss of youth and beauty in ourselves, when we behold our children each year growing up the same? why regret old age, when we are sure of still finding the sentiment which makes us cherish existence? Maternal love, like all other noble passions, is productive of many lively disquietudes, and too often of mortal grief; but all its troubles are interesting, even in the eyes of the most indifferent persons: you may experience them without a blush, you may shew them without restraint, and you may confide them unreservedly, whilst the pains of love are in general culpable or ridiculous, and frequently both.

Pardon, Madam, these effusions of an overflowing heart; but, who can better comprehend me than the mother of Lord Arthur?

Adieu, Madam; if you were at Wandsbeck, nothing would be wanting to the

happiness of its inhabitants; and I presume to assure you, those who have the advantage of being personally acquainted with you cannot desire it more ardently than myself.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the same to her daughter, Lady Arthur Selby.

Paris, November 2, 1796.

I HAVE at length, my dear child, met with a favourable and safe opportunity. A person going direct to Hamburgh; therefore this letter will be longer and more circumstantial than my two last.

I have received letters from your mother-in-law, which make me very happy; she is still charmed with you. Continue to profit by the care and counsel of so enlightened a guide. As for me, my Adelaïde, far distant as we are, I have but two pieces of advice to give; the first is, preserve the candour and sincerity which characterize you; the second, keep yourself from the mania of wanting to become a *lady of fashion*. You

be virtuous, well, believe me you will never be solidly so, and of any continuance, but in invariably imposing on yourself the law never to have any mystery in your conduct. People begin by concealing trifles, but they then take the habit of dissimulation, falsehood soon follows, at length a taste for intrigue. A mother, a husband, soon perceives all these little tricks, confidence diminishes, there is nothing at home but restraint and embarrassment; it is then that happiness vanishes; it is then we want to replace real friends by frivolous and dangerous connections, and it is thus we begin by going astray, and finish by irretrievable ruin.

The definition of a *lady of fashion* that Mr. Godwin gave you is rather severe, but in general just enough; and it cannot be denied that every one who has the desire and pretension of becoming a woman of fashion, possesses an uncultivated heart, a vacant mind, and an extremely frivolous character. To be *une femme à la mode*, you must have two or three intimate friends to shew you are sensible, in order to be able when oppor-

tunity offers to discourse learnedly on friendship; for in the class of fashionable ladies, that sensibility which merely relates to a mother, husband, or relatives, is no proof: they take no account of, or rather they do not believe in it. Besides friends, you must have a dozen *acquaintances*, and must indispensably write to all; therefore the morning must be dedicated to receiving, reading, and writing numerous notes and letters. This kind of writing demands talents which are quickly acquired, but which have the trifling inconvenience of being absolutely incompatible with nature, feeling, and truth. The letters of a woman of fashion are always thought charming by her correspondents, when filled with nonsense, flattery, and high-flown language. Moreover, a fashionable woman, to fulfil all the obligations of her rank, must appear in public every day in two or three different places, must frequent each splendid supper, every ball, and brilliant entertainment; must expend lavishly on dresses and trinkets; must take all necessary precaution to gain

early information of the fashions; and to support her reputation on that score, must invent some herself, or carry those received to the highest extreme. It must be allowed that these proceedings are ruinous and fatiguing; but in this style of life we may very well dispense with sense and information; and persons of the most distinguished talents, at the expiration of a few years, will only regret having bestowed so much pains to acquire them in youth. It is vanity that produces all these follies, but what mistaken vanity! will a young handsome woman appear less agreeable, because a party of giddy young men and coxcombs do not presume to follow and surround her? if she should go less into public, not receive so many invitations, would she have less effect at an entertainment? if she should join to outward attractions, information and accomplishments, which we cannot complete or retain but in leading a sedentary life, would they find her less beautiful or agreeable? if she added to these splendid endowments, endearing virtues and an irre-

proachable conduct, would she be less sought after? No; without doubt, to receive her would be a flattering preference, to be admitted to her house an honourable distinction. She would be but in another style truly *in the fashion*, but such as passes not with youth; founded on esteem and admiration, it procures true glory, the splendour of which reflects itself over her whole life. And how acquire and retain this character? Disdain childish whims, and seek happiness, where nature and virtue have placed it, at home, and in the bosom of your family.

Adrienne and Edward have brought me their letters; they have written all the news; therefore, my dear friend, I have only to mention your commissions, which are executed. Jeanneton is very well, and married to the gardener's son, apparently to take more care of the *white rose*; they assure me they never fail to go there every night to put up their prayers for you. I have sent them the money you remitted for them and the good farmer. Father Roussel is returned from his

voyage, and is grateful for your present, he is extremely happy in having his son settled near you. Mr. Duplessis impatiently awaits the portrait you promise him, and still maintains for you that lively affection he has ever manifested. Adieu, my dear and tender friend. . . . Oh, my child! speak to me no more of the pains of absence; reflect that your welfare is every thing to me. You are happy, and you ought to be so; in justice to the feelings of your mother do not pity her.' Adieu, my Adelaïde, I press you to this maternal bosom, which is indebted to you for so many delightful emotions, inexpressible sentiments, and the only glory which can affect and exalt my heart!

THE END.

-ER, PRINTER, OXFORD.

